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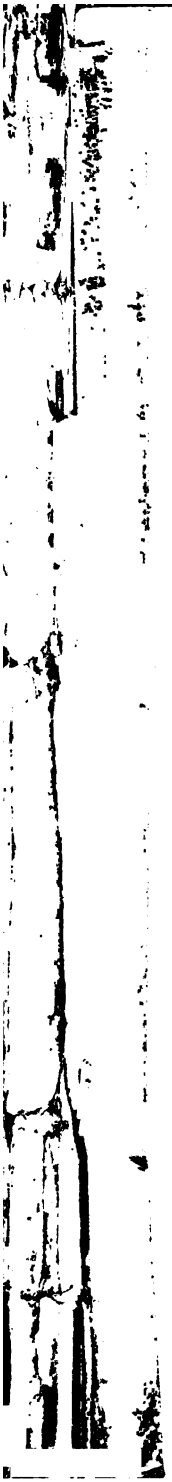

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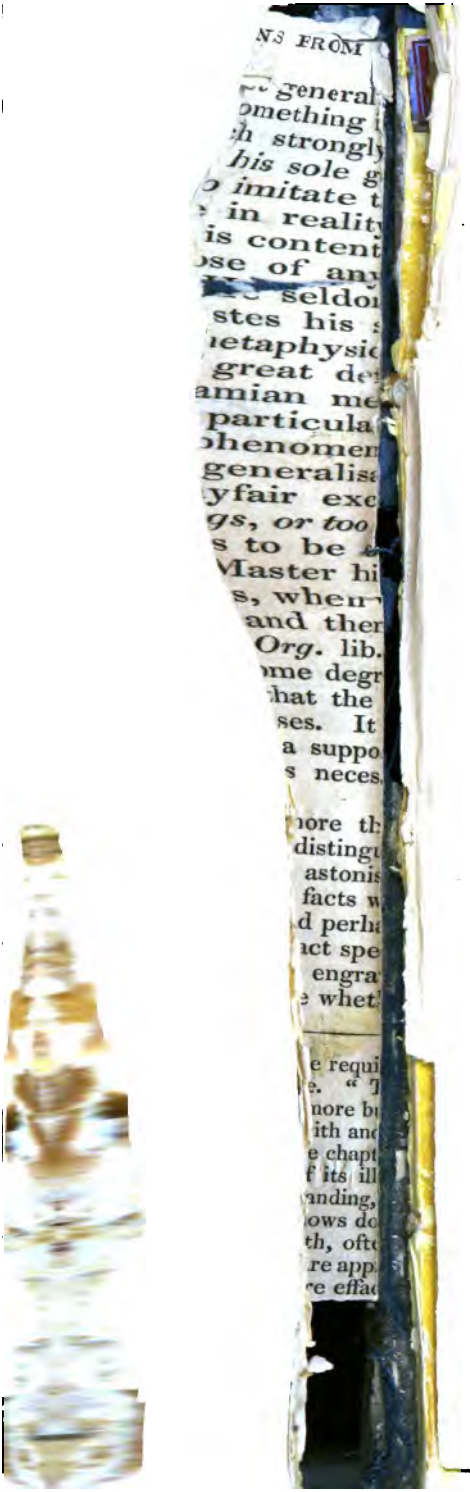

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BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF
ST. JEAN D'ACRE,
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BY W. PATTISON HUNTER, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT STOPFORD,

&c. &c. &c.

REAR-ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

London, November 1841.

SIR,

I present these volumes under an anxious desire of acknowledging, to the best of my humble ability, the eminent judgment, prudence, and valour, evinced in your direction of the late allied operations on the coast of Syria; for although, in the course of this narrative, as on the field where the events occurred, your di-

5-6-41 M.E.M.

recting hand may not on all occasions have been apparent, yet I am not the less aware of the unceasing energy and talent with which you ever administered to the well-being of the general cause, and by which you mainly contributed to the brilliant results of the expedition of which you were the head.

I have the honour to remain,

SIR,

Your very obedient humble servant,

W. PATISON HUNTER.

PREFACE.

THE Author would fain hope he has peculiar indulgences to claim from the Public and its critics for this Work. It was undertaken in consequence of the interest which he believed would be attached to many of the scenes he had witnessed; and a large portion (as it appeared in the *United Service Journal*) was the employment of only a few weeks, whilst recruiting in Malta from the hardships of a long Syrian tour. Above all, he has to deal with numerous naval and military details; in which even the most proficient dread the scanning eye of the many authorities in the present day. The notice it has already met with from the press, whilst appearing in a partial and crude form, leads

him to hope that, corrected and enlarged as it now is, its merits will alike be measured by the abstract interest of the subject it describes.

His original intention was to have continued his narrative throughout the whole of the inland operations, of which he was a spectator, in various rambles from one extreme of the interior of Syria to the other; but other avocations preclude at the moment the possibility of carrying that design into excution.

Colonial Club,
Oct. 1841.

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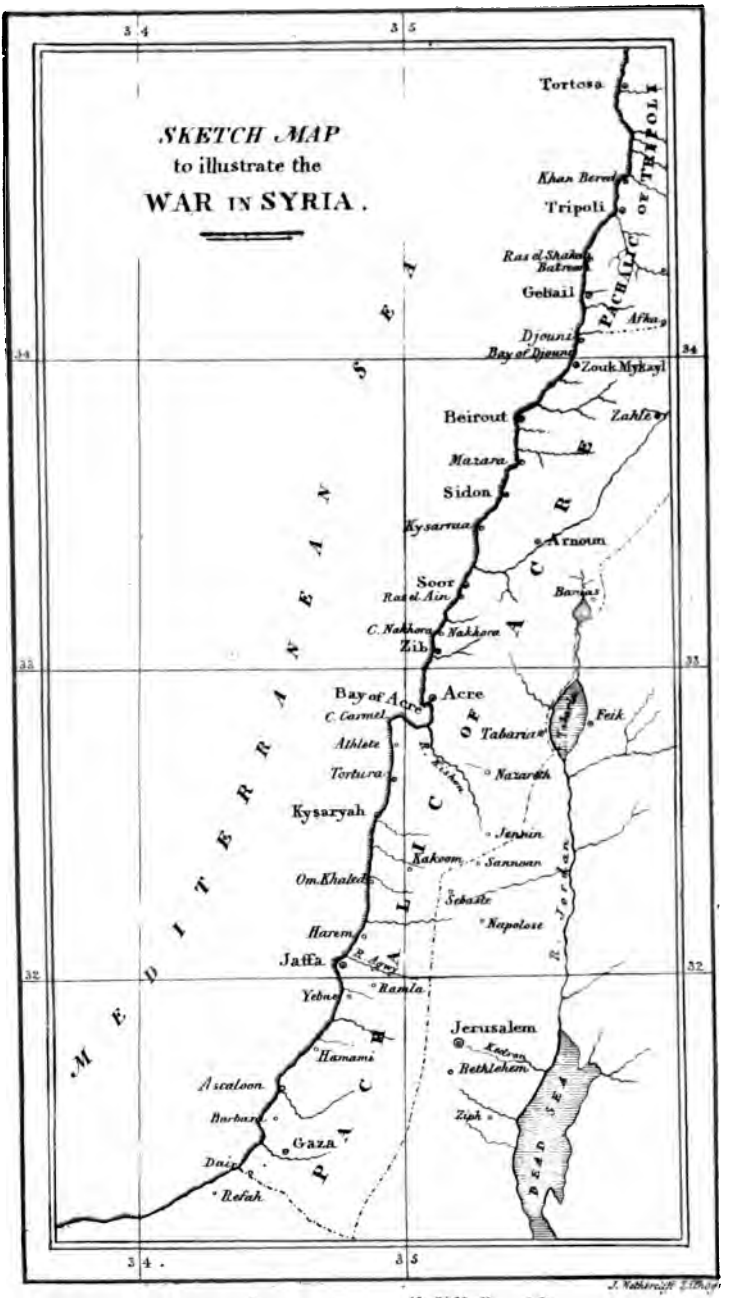

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UNIV. OF

EXPEDITION TO SYRIA.

CHAPTER I.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN — ARRIVAL OF THE ADMIRAL — LANDING OF TURKISH TROOPS — BOMBARDMENT OF GEBAIL — FIRST RAMBLES ON SHORE.

I SHALL preface this recital of a tour in Syria, with the narrative it embraces, by a departure from Constantinople, as it will prove, I believe, the best introduction I can offer.

On the 22d August, 1840, I left that city a guest in H. M. S. Dido. She was proceeding with despatches from the ambassador to Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, their purport, it was generally understood, being to acquaint the Admiral with a de-

claration delivered by Count Pontois, that France would not interfere in the proposed settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question, in accordance with the convention of the other powers, unless in the course of the proceedings she found that her interests therein were compromised.

It was not known in what part of the Mediterranean the Admiral might be found. Shortly after quitting the Dardanelles, however, two other British men-of-war, the Implacable and Hastings, were descried to the southward, and who communicated that the fleet had sailed for Alexandria. Those ships were also on their way to join the Admiral, and had been left thus far in the rear, in expectation that they might bring up news of importance. In their instructions they were directed to be prepared for attack, it having been thought not improbable that they might have to meet a Frenchman as a foe.

We arrived at Alexandria on the 29th, and found the Admiral, together with several line-of-battle ships. Within two hours afterwards, the Dido received orders to proceed to the coast of Syria, there to join the squadron under Commodore Napier.

It was on one of those rich mornings peculiar to the Mediterranean, that between Tyre and Sidon I first caught a glimpse of the Syrian shore. The sun was still partially hid behind the distant range of the Lebanon, but the different points were to be recognised, and the localities of "the Sister Cities" pointed out to me — those marts where ancient commerce and luxury had probably their first origin — alike celebrated for their wealth and their pride — their early glory and the subsequent curse which a dire degeneration engendered; whose pristine eras belong only to the faintest page of history; whom the Scriptural writings so graphically describe:—"Tyre,

the mart of nations, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth . . . . . whom those of Sidon, that pass over the sea, have replenished."* "Thy borders are in the midst of the sea, thy builders have perfected thy beauty."†

Faint as the link may appear, yet reflection wove thereon its spell, strangely connecting the past with the present. The history of Syria is fraught with remarkable events, and the coast of Cœlo-Syria more particularly, as associated with early classic story. In every age, revolution and oppression, treachery and rapine, have reared their heads at intervals over its devoted soil; and now the shades of another dark drama were in all probability approaching,—the strength of Europe aiding a contest for the question of Mussulman pre-eminence!

* * * * *

* Isaiah, xxiii. † Ezekiel, xxvii.

On the 1st of September, we anchored amongst the squadron in the broad Bay of Beyrout. It was then composed of the Powerful, bearing the Commodore's pendant, five other line-of-battle ships, two frigates, a corvette, an 18-gun brig, and two war-steamers. Within the moorings of these ships were about forty Egyptian and Syrian craft, which had been captured and detained by the look-out frigates. The Powerful was lying with her broadside close in upon the town, and the Ganges was placed in the same threatening position towards the lazaretto, a large building about a mile along shore.

Suleiman Pacha was in command of Beyrout, and had around him, it was thought, about 10,000 troops. Ibrahim and the Emir Beschir were also said to be somewhere in the neighbourhood, but with a less considerable body.

The news which the Dido brought from

Alexandria, and which was to the effect that Mehemet had not hitherto evinced any symptoms of submission, but, on the contrary, had spoken in lofty terms of his independence, tended if possible to increase the warlike preparations which the Commodore had been making. The cruisers were now more than ever active in intercepting native or Egyptian vessels, with cargoes of provisions or necessary stores, and in preventing others from communicating with the ports. Amongst the most important so detained was a large frigate transport, laden with warlike provisionments.

Nor were these the only measures undertaken during this period of apparent indecision on the part of the Egyptian authorities, and by which they intended to further merely their own ulterior views. Mr. Wood, who, from his acquaintance with the Arabic, had been sent to the squadron by the ambassador at Constantinople for the

purpose of aiding the objects of the Porte in Syria, was indefatigable in promulgating amongst the natives of influence the actual intentions and wishes of the Allied Powers. Under the direction of the Commodore, he rendered into Arabic an exhortation, as it was termed, for distribution throughout the country. I subjoin a copy of that document.

"*Given at Beyrout, from on Board of Her Britannic Majesty's Ship Powerful.*

"SYRIANS!—Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, in conjunction with the Sultan, have decided that the rule of Mehemet Ali shall cease in Syria; and I have been sent here with an advanced squadron to assist in throwing off the yoke of the Pacha of Egypt.

"You know that a hatti-scheriff has been issued by the Sultan, securing the life and property of his subjects, and which is in full

operation throughout the Turkish territories; in addition to this, the Allied Powers have engaged to recommend to the Sultan an arrangement which will render your condition happy and comfortable.

"Inhabitants of Lebanon, who are more particularly under my eyes, I call upon you to rise and throw off the yoke under which you are groaning; troops, arms, and ammunition, are daily expected from Constantinople, and in the meantime the Egyptians shall no longer molest your coast.

"Soldiers of the Sultan, who were treacherously led from your homes to the burning sands of Egypt, and have since been transported to Syria, I call upon you, in the name of the Great Powers, to return to your allegiance. All past events will be forgotten, and your arrears of pay discharged by the Sultan.

(Signed) CHARLES NAPIER."

During the interval in which affairs were so proceeding, two ships were despatched to meet the Turkish Admiral, Walker Bey, who was expected from Cyprus with Turkish troops; and the Commodore embarked in the Gorgon steamer, along with the principal military officers, to examine the coast, with the view of ascertaining the best place for effecting a landing; after which he proceeded also to Cyprus, farther to hasten the arrival of the Turks.

On shore there was no appearance of other intentions than those of resistance. The streets leading from the sea had been entrenched in all directions; breastworks of sand-bags were placed at every angle, and a large park of artillery collected within the walls. Such was the report of the English consul, who, with most of the foreign merchants, still remained in Beyrout.

At midnight of the 4th, the Gorgon returned with the Commodore on board, and

early next morning signal was made, "Marines, be in readiness for landing in heavy-marching order to-morrow at 2 P.M." This command was productive of lively commotion throughout the squadron; but it was shortly afterwards given out that a descent was not to be attempted unless in event of the previous arrival of the Turkish troops. In reality, I believe, the order was only intended to induce, if possible, a greater degree of effectiveness in the preparations.

Several more ships were now despatched to look out for the expected reinforcements: amongst others, the Dido. On the evening of the second day, the Thunderer, considerably out at sea, signalised, "twenty-one strange sail in sight," and afterwards, "extinguish lights." These were but precautionary measures, as the strange sail had not distinctly been made out; yet they naturally created some anxiety, it being for a short time a matter of doubt whether the

amount of force so near at hand was indeed friend or foe. France, it was known, had nearly that number of ships assembled on a neighbouring shore, and, in the position of political affairs, it was to be presumed that the issues of war or peace had been by her committed to the casualties of a sealed inclosure. Had that contingency been realised, the force of France would have been, numerically, three times superior to the British squadron as it existed on the spot at the moment. Such doubts were soon relieved, as the Phœnix war-steamer shortly communicated the approach of the English Admiral, accompanied by several line-of-battle ships, and of other ships to windward under Turkish colours.

Daylight discovered no less than thirty-four sail bearing up for the bay of Beyrout. In the afternoon, when they were assembled with the others before the town, and when an interchange of salutes took place, the

sight was most imposing. A fleet of twenty-three British, three Austrian, and five Turkish men-of-war, besides two other war-ships, American and French, who were there as spectators. Nearer the shore the Turkish transports and the numerous native vessels, their high kaïk prows and lateen sails adding, by happy contrast, to the beauty of the picture. Nor was the back-ground less striking: Lebanon's mountains rising from the water's edge, whilst above all extended, far in the distance, the loftier range, which has its origin in the plain of Baalbec.

In the afternoon of the same day (9th), it became known that an immediate descent was intended; operations being left by the Admiral under the guidance of the Commodore, since the latter had already had opportunity of completing his arrangements. Sir Charles Smith, Colonel of Engineers, who had been named in England to the command of the troops, had fallen into

such a weak state of health as to be incapacitated from active duty; so that the further charge of operations, after landing, also now devolved upon the Commodore, subordinate to the Admiral.

Towards evening the Cyclops war-steamer, by signal from the flag-ship, threw several shells at a body of troops observed in the outskirts of the town. There was then no longer question as to the proposed tone of proceedings. Signal was about the same time made for the marines to embark on board the Gorgon after dark; and instructions were also given that, of the 5400 Turkish troops which had just arrived, as many as possible should be concentrated in the other three steamers. The Dido and Wasp were ordered to take up a position as near the extremity of the south-west cape as the depth of water would permit.

These steps being proceeded with, the

Dido anchored within about 600 yards of the rocks; but the Wasp, being a much smaller vessel, got in to about half that distance. The moon shortly rose, and we could see that our movements had been productive of considerable activity on shore. It soon became evident that the enemy were employed in taking up a position on the portion of the cape immediately opposite to us.

Dawn of day discovered the three steamers hanging off the cape, every portion of their decks, and even the paddle-boxes, covered with a dense mass of soldiery, of which the 1500 red-jackets on board the Gorgon were the most conspicuous. The Dido and Wasp were then ordered to weigh anchor, and to ride by a kedge.

All the other ships at once began to get under way, and to form a line, extending from abreast of the town to the portion of the cape where the Dido and Wasp were

stationed, — a distance of about a mile. These evolutions were purposely performed slowly, and in a manner which made it evident that most of the ships were working up to the point, as if to cover a landing; and in that interval, as had been looked forward to, the enemy continued to pour in, with increasing numbers, upon the cape.

The shore opposite to us was, for the most part, rugged rock, intersected here and there with small patches of land, upon which were trees and several small houses. It had a gradual ascent, also, of about 200 feet. A ledge of rock, four or five feet high, arose at the water's edge, which must have rendered disembarkation tedious and difficult; at the same time that the advantages to be gained by the position were not all appreciable.

At about 10 A.M., the other ships having taken up their stations, the Benbow, seventy-four, neared in to our position, and having

anchored, immediately began to throw shell upon the portion of the cape where, it was to be presumed, were assembled the greatest number of the enemy. In a short time she had so well ascertained the range that her shells fell with the utmost precision. Fire was shortly afterwards partially opened from several other of the nearest ships.

The firing continued for about an hour and a half, during which period the destructive missiles fell more or less over the whole cape.* The suffering enemy, however, apparently believing disembarkation every moment about to take place, continued to maintain their ground; when a little before mid-day, the sea breeze having set in, signal was made from the flag-ship,

* The enemy were so far sheltered behind walls and abutments of rock, but more than once I observed perhaps a hundred bayonets protruding above a line of wall, and a shell fall close behind them, when the whole of those soldiers who had escaped would take to flight for further shelter, only to be again routed.

"Castor, Pique, Dido, and Wasp, follow Commodore." At that moment, as preconcerted, the steamers crossed to the other extremity of the bay (distant about ten miles). The Powerful, and other ships mentioned, who were nearer to that point, immediately followed.

Before the arrival of the Dido and Wasp, although the wind served, a great portion of the troops were already landed and drawn up on the beach.

The Castor frigate and Hydra war-steamer bore up more to the southward, where, at the mouth of the Nahr-el-kelb, or Dog River, about two miles from the spot of general disembarkation, the steamer simultaneously landed her Turkish troops.

Hardly had the Dido arrived at the place where the descent was going forward, than she was ordered, with the Carysfort, to proceed about twenty miles to the northward, to open at the town of Gebail a further

communication with the mountaineers. It was annoying to be thus obliged to quit a scene of so much interest, and where stirring events were hourly to be expected; but the reader need experience no such disappointment, for we will hereafter have sufficient opportunity of seeing Jouni (the village at which the landing was effected) in occupation of the British troops.

En route for our next destination, let us consider for a moment the *ruse* we have just seen practised upon the Egyptian troops. There is a part of the highly successful scheme which to me appears inexplicable—namely, by what divination it could have been imagined that the enemy would place themselves in the threatening trap laid for them before their eyes? Their leader, too, formerly a French soldier,—an aide-de-camp to Ney,—and not without fame, even in Europe, for his military experience and tact; he could not but be

aware that from the heavy batteries of the ships they would clear a far greater space than necessary for the primary occupation, supposing it likely for a landing to have been intended there. I must leave it to military men to regard the matter in their own military point of view, but it requires, one would think, little else than the plainest common sense to shew the impossibility of preventing such a descent with the means Suleiman had at command, had the fire on the part of the shipping been prolonged. In such a state of things, to see men marched down literally under the cannon's mouth, and kept there for hours, more or less exposed to shot and shell, can only be looked upon as an instance of the grossest infatuation. Supposing the landing to have been intended at the cape, had Suleiman retained all his forces in Beyrout, he surely would then have had them better ready for the defence of the town, without

having been exposed to previous demoralisation by suffering and defeat. Never was the adage, "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementit," more applicable, I conceive, to the conduct of men than in that first false step of the Egyptian Pacha's general.

It may not be inopportune, as we shall yet see more of this man, to introduce here an outline of his history. It has not hitherto, I believe, been correctly known. A Frenchman, originally of the name of Sèves, he began his career in the French navy, and from thence changed to the artillery, where he obtained the rank of captain. Being with Buonaparte in the Moscow expedition, he was taken notice of by Ney, and received from him an appointment as one of his aides-de-camp. In the hundred days, he served alternately as aide-de-camp to Grouchy and to Ney. During the subsequent imprisonment of the latter he was implicated in an attempt for

the Maréchal's escape, and, avoiding investigation, became included amongst the proscribed. He passed almost immediately into Egypt, where he was employed by the Pacha in organising, on the European system, a body of Mamelukes. Following Mehemet in the campaign of the Morea, he there received the rank of Bey—gained, it is said, by his gallant conduct on several occasions; and some time afterwards, professing Mahommedanism, was on the same day created pacha. His fame as a general had its origin in the successful advantages which he enabled Ibrahim to take of the gross errors committed by Hafiz Pacha at the battle of Nezib; as an administrator in the military department he is, however, universally well spoken of.

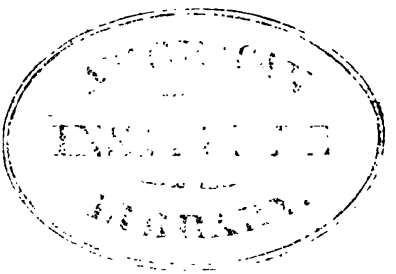
Upon nearing Gebail, we perceived that our consort, who had already arrived there, had not met with the friendly reception we had been anticipating, as she immediately

began to open fire. We found that several musket-shots, from a castle at the southern side of the town, had been sent into the Carysfort, but that upon her returning a few rounds of grape, those marks of hostility had been discontinued. That frigate shortly afterwards got under way, and remained with the Dido in the offing awaiting instructions.

On the following evening, the ships were joined by the Cyclops, who brought orders that Gebail should be bombarded. The castle, it had been heard, was garrisoned by several hundred Arnauts. The steamer had on board 220 marines and 150 armed mountaineers.

The next day (12th), at noon, the three vessels anchored abreast of the town, and within about 400 yards of the shore. In addition to the castle which I have mentioned, it presented a solid front of low stone houses, and had altogether a most compact appearance. The frigate and cor-

ATTACK ON GEBAIL.



vette began firing round shot and grape, but at intervals only, under an idea that the place would shortly shew a desire to surrender. No signs of such a thing appearing, the firing increased and continued for the space of an hour, the steamer at the same time throwing in a few shells. The marines and mountaineers were then landed. This was done a few hundred yards to the south of the town, at the extreme of which side was situate the castle. They rapidly ascended from the beach, scrambling over stone dikes, and through cactus fences, without other object to guide them than the view of the high walls they were about to engage. It was at the moment of arriving there that they first had any knowledge either of the strength of the place or of the nature of the enemy—both which, to their cost, they found had been grossly underrated. No sooner were they within moderate range

than a heavy discharge of musketry, from behind loopholes and ramparts, was directed against them; maintaining their ground, they returned the fire. It was fearful odds: the best of marksmen, sheltered and able to take steady aim, whilst the attacking party were completely exposed and utterly ignorant of the ground. Their only course, as well for immediate safety as to give time for some attempt being made to gain entrance, was to keep up as steady a fire as possible upon the loopholes. This was done, but with what chances against them it may easily be imagined. Nor at the portion attacked was there available shelter of any description for the assailants. Near that point was found a small *entre-porte*. A corporal, attempting to beat in the door with the butt of his musket (no powder-bag had been sent with them), was shot through the heart from a flanking loophole. Several others were severely wounded in

the same attempt; and, after much labour, it was ultimately found that the entrance was walled up on the inner side. After having been about ten minutes under fire, the attacking party retreated in good order upon the boats. The marines behaved nobly: it was only after the retreat had been beat several times that the men could be drawn off. Five were killed, I believe, on the field, and eighteen wounded. The company were under the command of Capt. Serle and of Capt. Robinson (the latter a volunteer in the expedition): the subalterns were Lieuts. Harrison, Serle, and Adair, all very young officers, who had never before smelt powder, but who nevertheless acquitted themselves with great credit (also Lieut. Spalding, acting adjutant of the detachment). Capt. Austin, of the Cyclops, placed himself at the head of the men, and remained with them throughout.

The friendly mountaineers who co-oper-

ated with them were much more fortunate —from the fact that, during the whole affair, they acted up to that principle which Shakspeare, alluding to in a similar exigency, has aptly termed "the better part of valour:" they advanced no farther than to where they could find secure shelter. That their conduct was not the effect of cowardice was proved by the fearless manner in which, at the conclusion, they assisted in carrying off the wounded.

The marines having again reached the steamer, offensive operations were commenced upon a more fitting scale. For four hours the fire of the ships was directed against the castle; yet little comparatively was effected, although the Carysfort fired 700 and the Dido 600 rounds. Only the upper part, surmounted by a large cupola, could be made to give way, the under being a solid mass of ancient building.

During the night several discharges of

musketry were heard from the town, when it was found that the Arnauts had retired, and that the place had been taken possession of by the mountaineers.*

"A Despatch from Captain Martin of Her Majesty's Ship Carysfort, commanding officer of the expedition, to Commodore Napier.

"H. M. S. Carysfort, Gebail, Sept. 13, 1840.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that, pursuant to your directions, I anchored yesterday off Gebail. The enemy have evacuated the town; the mountaineers are coming in fast for arms; and as far as I can judge, from their words and professions, the most enthusiastic feeling prevails

* It is a truly sorrowful thing that information as to the strength of the castle and its defences had not been previously obtained, by which the lives and services of so many brave men might have been spared. It was afterwards found that there was not at the time a whole day's provision in the castle, and that its defenders were otherwise in a very sickly condition.

among them. I trust that these results will, in some degree, excuse the loss we have sustained. I shall now proceed to detail the circumstances of the attack.

"At noon I anchored, with springs, within musket-shot of Gebail. The Dido took a good position ahead of the Carysfort, and the Cyclops astern; groups of mountaineers immediately came down to the beach, and many were brought off by the boats. Having given a sufficient time for the marines to prepare for landing, and for their commanding officer to reconnoitre the place of disembarkation, at 1 P.M. the ships opened their fire upon the castle, and upon the points which the mountaineers designated to us as occupied by the Albanians. This was returned by occasional musket-shots. When the fire had been continued with great precision, and apparently with some effect, for about an hour, the marines, accompanied by a large party

of armed mountaineers, pushed off from the Cyclops, and to cover their landing the ships reopened upon the castle. About half-past 3 P.M., observing the detachment formed upon the beach, to the south of the town, and believing all the effect likely to be produced by our shot was already done, and that the gardens had been swept by the launches' carronades, I made the signal to push on. The marines advanced briskly to the assault, but the cliff soon obstructed my view of their progress through the gardens in front of the castle. They reached within thirty yards of the tower, when a destructive fire was opened upon them from a crenelled outwork, having a deep ditch in front, which was completely masked from the fire of the ships. Finding his men were falling fast, that the wall of the castle was impracticable, that there was no gate accessible, and nothing but the muzzles of the enemy's muskets visible

through the loopholes, Captain Robinson very judiciously drew his men off. The marines retired to the beach steadily and in good order. Captain Austin, who superintended the landing, and accompanied the marines, having sent to me to say that nothing could be done unless the tower was levelled, the ships again commenced firing upon it. Finding, however, that the immense solidity of the building prevented our making a sufficient impression upon it, at half-past five I ordered the marines to be re-embarked, and the firing to cease.

"An English flag, which had been planted on the garden wall as a signal to the ships, was accidentally left there by the pilot of the Cyclops, after the marines had retired; Lieutenant Grenfell and —— Macdonald, a seaman of the Cyclops, volunteered to recover it, and brought it off most gallantly amidst the cheers of the ships.

"At night, a party of the mountaineers,

whom we had armed, were established in the town; and at daylight this morning, I found that the Albanians had evacuated the castle during the night, leaving three behind (one of them badly wounded, and since dead). The conduct of a Turkish soldier, who was sent up in the Cyclops, has been admirable in organising and keeping together parties of the mountaineers.

"Having distributed all the arms, I now send the Cyclops for a fresh supply. I think we may dispose of more; and I take the liberty of suggesting, that they should be sent immediately, before the present enthusiasm has time to subside.

"The painful part of my duty is to enclose the list of killed and wounded in the attack on Gebail; I deeply lament that it has been so severe.

"I have the honour to transmit detailed reports of their proceedings from Captain H. Austin, of her Majesty's steam-ship Cy-

clops, and from Captain Robinson, commanding the detachment of royal marines; and I beg to add, that I most fully concur in the encomiums they pass upon the officers and men under their respective orders.

"I have, &c.

(Signed) "H. B. MARTIN, Captain.

"*Commodore Napier, C.B., H. M. S. Powerful.*"

Upon entering Gebail it presented altogether a most miserable aspect: grass grew in the streets; and the empty condition of the houses and magazines proved that for some time it must have been almost uninhabited. It had been garrisoned for several months by the Arnauts, who had just decamped; and, being to the amount of three hundred, their depredations had been carried to so great an extent as to cause the place to be gradually forsaken. A walk through Gebail, in its then desolate

condition, presented, indeed, a sad picture of the effects of an arbitrary government, compelled to rely upon foreign mercenaries for the support of its extortions.

On an examination of the castle, it was found to be of such strength that, had a whole fleet been employed against it for the same time, the troops within might have remained in safety. Not one of the garrison, as far as we could see, had been hurt by the bombardment. For many feet upwards the blocks, of which the basement was composed, were of the most astounding thickness: one that I measured at random was twenty feet in length, and twelve in thickness. There were underground apartments capable of sheltering at least five hundred men. On the northern side it was separated from the town by a broad and deep foss. The original construction, doubtless, belongs to a very early period: it bears evidence of Roman and Saracen repair, and stands now

little injured, whilst neighbouring ancient remains are crumbling away.

It may be remembered that, for some time previous to this period, the mountaineers of Lebanon had evinced a spirit of undisguised rebellion against the Alexandrian government, and which hitherto had been kept in check by the fact only of their being unprovided with the means of resistance. No sooner, therefore, were the Turkish colours hoisted over the castle than a large amount of muskets and ammunition were transported into the town, and distributed to all who presented themselves. The joy of an oppressed people, groaning under a tyranny which they had hitherto been unable to oppose, and thus suddenly finding themselves supplied with arms for its overthrow, was, as may be presumed, of a character the most exuberant. A few days, and the town was thronged by a dense population, who had flocked from the moun-

tains in search of the proffered boon: shouts, paradings, and embracings, during the week in which their demand was being satisfied, continued without intermission. Captain Austin, of the Cyclops, being charged with that service, remained daily in a man-of-war's barge alongside the rocks of the harbour directing the distribution, whilst fresh supplies were being brought in smaller boats from the steamer; but such was the anxiety of the people, fearing, apparently, that some ill fate might too soon deprive them of the good fortune which was offering itself, that, not content to wait on the shore until their turn came, they pressed round the barge in a thick circle, standing for hours up to their breasts in water.

The greater portion of the Kisruan district in which we now were, being declaredly engaged in the same common cause with ourselves, I made many excursions into the neighbouring country. I engaged

as a companion a sturdy mountaineer who had much pleased me by his bold and manly bearing, but who, of course, was unable to speak a word in any other language than his own. This step appeared at first to be rather an unpromising one, but I subsequently found the plan to have been the best I could have pursued. Being anxious to acquire some acquaintance with the language, dire necessity soon taught me a great deal, and I can additionally recommend the same system to others as a means of gaining a ready insight into the habits and peculiarities of the country.

Starting with my new man, who shouldered in style his good English musket and bayonet, my first excursion was to a large monastic establishment of the Maronite order, called Mar-Hannah (St. John's), and seen from the town half way towards the summit of the neighbouring range. I found it, although a considerable building, to con-

tain only half-a-dozen friars, with their superior. My guide announced me, and I should think with favourable commendations, for my reception was at once a hearty one. The interview at first was, on my side, rather embarrassing, since I did not know a word of the language, and the friars continued to press upon me a series of remarks, apparently quite forgetting that they were unintelligible. But it was evidently meant with kind intentions, and consequently, after a variety of flattering gesticulations had been gone through, I led the way in an inspection of the building. Almost the first place I entered was the private dormitory of the superior, as appeared from its accommodations and other circumstances. Hardly was I within the threshold when I perceived from the countenance of that functionary, who next followed, that there was something connected with my entry which had discomposed him. Following the direc-

tion of his eye I saw some drawings lying upon a small table, and, as if by accident, took them up. I found them to be French engravings of a noted description, depicting the fairer sex; the subjects, "*Le Désiré*," "*La Coquette*," &c.; but certainly not of a nature peculiarly improper in our notions. Such, however, did not appear to be the opinion of the friar; for he commenced to me a long speech connected with the pictures, and which he had now taken in his hand, apparently with great abhorrence. Doubtless he intended to prove their sinful nature, and were I able to give the full purport of his apology it might account for such improper things, as he deemed them, being left exposed in his cell. I am induced to remark the incident, as the first which occurred to me connected with a class of men of whom the traveller in Syria is destined to see a great deal; nor is the trait apt to lead to false conclusions.

My next ramble was in the same direction, but prosecuted to a farther extent. Passing the convent, I proceeded upwards to a small village, which, from the plain, appears to lie on the summit of the range, but on arriving at which you see a series of fresh ascents extending far in the distance, and forming the base of the Gibel Scinneen, or upper ridge of Lebanon. The country, at that point, is of the most picturesque description, alternately covered with the mulberry, the fig, and the vine, and in greater luxuriance than is to be met with in the lower tract. Although now on the height of the first range, you are, to all appearance, walled in with other hills, whilst around you extend undulating valleys, broken here and there with minor eminences. The lofty irradd, or locust-tree, and the olive with its deep dark tint, were both seen diversifying the picture. Far above all, in the eastern horizon, is the

wedge-shaped mountain of the Scinneen—lofty, bold, and rugged—a sterile contrast to the beautiful vegetation which surrounds it. Whilst continuing to wander still farther onwards, enjoying the beauty of this locality, I approached a tent, under which seemed to be living a Syrian family. How was I astonished to hear myself accosted by one from amongst them in pure French! It was a Frenchman wearing the Syrian dress. He politely requested me to share his carpet, and then handing me his pipe (a mark of Oriental courtesy not to be refused), again seated himself on his haunches with the true vacancy of an Eastern. I inquired if he was not afraid to remain thus in the mountains whilst there were around him so many rumours of war. He replied that, as a Frenchman, no party would hurt him; and even attempted to prove his comparative degree of safety as greater than my own. In further conversation, it appeared that

he was a Beyrout merchant who had been many years in Syria.

I had many opportunities of admiring the spirit and organisation brought about in that part of Lebanon by the arming of the peasantry. Bands of men, of from twenty to fifty, were constantly to be met ranging through different parts of the mountains. An incursion of the Druse peasantry was principally feared, as the Emir Beschir had given that sect permission to ravage the district which had been armed against him. The labourer had his musket beside him in the field, and every village had its guard, who summoned you upon your approach at a distance. There were rendezvous also at night upon different outskirts of the mountains. I was much struck, also, with the degree of comfort to be met with in the abodes of those mountain peasantry. I had subsequently to learn, by more extended observation, that it is in the upper portion

of the Lebanon range alone that the Syrian is comparatively unoppressed,—a fact attributable to the bold and isolated nature of the district he inhabits.

About an hour's walk along the sea-shore, to the southward of Gebail, brings you to the embouchure of the famed stream of the Adonis. The beauty of the spot, at its exit from the mountains more especially, is worthy of the romantic legend which classic antiquity has attached to its name. It is here that the fair goddess is said to have wandered in pursuit of her lover; that upon its banks, too, he perished; and that annual rites in commemoration of his loss were enjoined to be performed by her votaries. A high and sharply pointed ancient bridge, of a single arch, crosses the stream, shortly after it reaches the plain, and contributes greatly to its picturesque effect. I was not so fortunate, for the sake of association, as to find the anemone on its native

soil (found in Syria throughout the whole year); the gaudy rhododendron has in our day usurped its place.

Whilst entering one day the gate of Gebail, I was accosted by the French merchant whom I had met in the mountains. It appeared that he no longer considered the circumstance of his nationality as a sufficient guarantee for his personal safety, since he told me he had come down to the town to seek shelter. Almost at the same moment a Turkish subaltern officer, who had been placed in temporary command of the castle, gently put his hand on his shoulder, and made signs that he must accompany him. This proceeding appeared to alarm the Frenchman, who, nevertheless, did as he was directed, but turned round towards me as he was being taken away, and in a touching tone demanded what was about to be done with him. I was as much

at a loss as he seemed himself, except that he must be legally in arrest.

It struck me afterwards, that it was but fair towards a stranger in the hands of a Turk, to see something further into the affair, and I consequently proceeded to the town prison, which I found strongly guarded. Belonging to the ships, I was with little difficulty admitted. Upon finding my way towards the room in which they informed me was the prisoner, I heard a loud noise of words from within, and throwing open the door, saw the Frenchman, his arms crossed, sitting doggedly in a corner, whilst the Turk, with the face of a demon, was striding over him, and holding to his breast a musket, on which was affixed a bayonet, with his finger on the trigger! The Turk was vociferating loudly in Arabic, his eyes starting from his head with excitement, and a quantity of gold lying at his feet. In the

heat of the moment he paid little attention to my entry, but immediately afterwards his passion seemed to turn upon myself for the intrusion, so that it was with difficulty, and only by the assistance of my big mountaineer, that I could ask the sufferer the cause of the extraordinary scene. He informed me that the Turk, after taking him into that room, had robbed him of gold secreted about his person, and was now threatening to kill him if he did not, as he said, divulge the spot where was hidden the rest of his money. Quitting the place, I had not gone many steps, when, as fortune would have it, I met the two captains of the ships then at Gebail. They immediately accompanied me to the place I had just left, and were in time to see the continued threats of the Turk, although he had in the interval managed to pocket the gold. Captain Austin promptly demanded, by his interpreter, the cause of such force being

employed, and ultimately commanded the man to be released, and his property restored to him. It was not without great difficulty, and only in consequence of the captain's threats, that the latter point was acceded to. The released then claimed from the English officers the protection of the British flag; and, as he said he considered his life in danger were he to remain longer in Gebail, Captain Austin ordered him a passage on board in his gig which was in attendance.

One cannot but regard this incident as fearfully illustrative of the unprincipled nature of the Turkish character when left unrestrained. Such instances prevail frequently even in higher spheres of their administration, and must continue to do so, unless a really efficient form of government can be introduced, and enabled to enforce its restrictions.

CHAPTER II.

AN EXCURSION ALONG THE COAST—PROCEEDINGS AT JOUNI—OPERATIONS OF THE SQUADRON—SKIRMISH WITH THE ENEMY.

I HIRED a small sailing-boat, and left Gebail for an excursion along the coast in a northerly direction. At Batroun, distant about sixteen miles, I found that the peasantry had also been armed, and were in possession of the town. Those Arnauts who retired from Gebail had at first sheltered themselves in that place; but on the Cyclops arriving, and throwing in a few shells, they precipitately left it, and retired farther upon Tripoli.

Extract of a Despatch from Captain Martin to Admiral Stopford, dated Batroun, September 15, 1840 :—

"I have the honour to inform you, that at half-past 3 P.M. I anchored within musket-shot of Batroun, having been towed from Gebail by her Majesty's steam-vessel Cyclops. By this time the 250 mountaineers who were embarked on board the Cyclops had been armed and organised under the zealous and able direction of Captain Austin. On approaching Batroun, we observed bodies of Albanians in different parts of the town apparently preparing for defence, and the positions of the Carysfort and Cyclops were taken up with a view to forcing them from their strongholds. The Carysfort and Cyclops commenced firing with great effect, whilst the Cyclops's shells were searching the spots where the Albanians from time to

time halted. The 250 mountaineers whom we had armed were landed by the Carysfort's boats under Lieutenant Stephens, the Hastings's boats under Lieutenant Thompson, and the Cyclops's boats under Mr. Glynn, mate.

"The greater part of these immediately followed on the track of the Albanians, whilst another party took possession of Batroun. I have reason to believe that the Albanians suffered severely from the effects of the shot and shells; whilst, I am happy to say, that our only casualty has been one mountaineer severely wounded.

"I am sorry to say that the head of an Albanian was brought to me as a trophy, immediately after I landed; but I have endeavoured to discourage this brutal mode of warfare, by offering a reward of ten piastres and a musket for

every prisoner the mountaineers will bring me.

"I am, &c.

"H. B. MARTIN, Captain."

The conduct of those Arnauts, the best soldiers of the Pacha, is a proof of the weakness of that policy which, in its proposed defence of the country, left troops scattered along the coast only to be driven inland by the fire of the ships. Had, on the contrary, a systematic evacuation been at once made of the whole line of coast, and the army been concentrated in an inland parallel along the mountains,—a line which might safely have extended from Palestine to Tripoli,—their chances, we may presume, would for a time have been very different.

Arrived off Tripoli, I found the Zebra brig lying at the entrance of the roadstead.

There was in the city, it was said, a very large body of the Arnauts. I had to content myself with a visit to the Zirry Islands opposite,—low, sandy flats, thinly clad in a wild verdure, and of most same and lonely appearance. Several Syrian families, apparently of considerable respectability, were then located on these islands, having fled from Tripoli in fear of the Arnauts. They were in a miserable condition as regarded the necessaries of life, although surrounded with large stores of furniture, living in tents and huts hastily put together, and dependent on the continent for their supply of water.

Having returned to Gebail, I found the Dido continuing to be stationed there, without any chance appearing of her being sent to partake in other more active scenes. I therefore determined to quit altogether the hospitable ship, in a further search of adventure. I cannot do so, however, without

indulging in a few remarks. The Dido is one of two famed corvettes, built upon the principle of Sir William Symonds. The novelty of her construction consists in her great width of beam, being at least eight feet wider than ordinary corvettes, and also in her generally larger dimensions. Instead of the former carronades she carries eighteen "long 32s." Her proportions, at the same time, are most elegant, and her sea qualities unexceptionable. Of her captain, also, I may be permitted to add a word of praise, his fame as a seaman having long ago become a matter of public property. Captain Davis, C.B., received his post rank, and the distinction which is attached to his name, for his gallant conduct in the Rose corvette at the battle of Navarino. A fire-ship had been sent out by the enemy, and was being swiftly carried by the current in the direction of one of the foreign frigates, when Commander Davis, manning one of his

boats, pushed off, and, after great exertion, succeeded, under a galling fire, and the danger of instantaneous explosion, in towing the burning mass clear of its designed object. More than half his boat's crew fell victims in the achievement of this daring act of courage.

Having previously received an invitation to spend a few days in the flag-ship, and after that to visit their tent at the encampment, I proceeded at once to the squadron in St. George's Bay.

There can be no sight more calculated to inspire feelings of admiration and respect in a landsman towards the internal organisation of the British navy, than a short sojournment in a line-of-battle ship. Upon a casual inspection of a well-regulated ship of that class, you may observe and feel astonished at the grandeur of her proportions, the power of her armament, the number and disciplined appearance of her crew, and

the extreme degree of cleanliness and order pervading every thing around you. But it is only when enabled to study the community in its regular and strange routine of existence, and to observe the minute workings of its whole organisation, that the matter presents itself in full force. It is a subject which, even with first impressions, might fill a volume. The effective relationship of its different grades, enabling the chief directing eye to supervise the minutest particular,—the many artificial prerogatives by which the individual dignity of every officer is permanently maintained,—the applicability of the general scheme of discipline to the well-being of the crew, the safety of the ship, and the good of the service, brought about by a long series of improvements,—but, most remarkable, the firm prejudices and opinions induced by all these separate means, and by which every individual, whatever his sufferings or station,

seems to regard his profession as immeasurably superior to every other. Long may this sentiment continue its support to our navy! It is a proud feeling, which no other marine can yet boast of.

Our incomparable navy, the surest guardians of our liberties and our hopes, is yet stanch and hardy as the iron oak of which her ships are built. Her sons have still a right to exclaim in the lines of the poet Wordsworth:—

"Our land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die:
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we would perform in arms—we must!
* * * * * *
* * * * Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart!
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind!
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our freedom, and to vindicate mankind."

The day of my arrival at the squadron

was that also of Colonel Hodges, late Consul-General in Egypt. I had known him in another diplomatic post, which, although inferior in rank to the one he had then just left, was, I consider, of a character still more arduous and intricate, and where he alike faithfully performed the instructions of his government. I allude to his former appointment as Consul-general in Servia, where Russian intrigue had established itself in its most powerful forms, and where a daring yet unenlightened prince had to be supported against her efforts. In a lengthened tour throughout the Lower Danubian provinces, I had many opportunities of estimating the energy, tact, and straightforwardness of the British agent.

I shall now take a review of operations at Jouni and Beyrout during the fortnight in which I was absent from the squadron.

Upon the 10th of September we saw the Turks, to the amount of 5400; and 1500

marines, debarked in safety. A few Albanians were stationed in the neighbourhood, but they hastily retired without firing a shot.

I shall quote a scene from the letter of an eye-witness (Mr. A. Doyle), who accompanied Mr. Wood on shore with the first few troops who were landed:—

"I went on shore immediately upon the arrival of the ships. In advance of the boats, Mr. Wood put off from the Powerful, accompanied by one of the sheiks, who had been for some time on board. In less than half an hour we saw hastening down the side of one of the mountains a body of about thirty men. For a few moments we lost sight of them amongst the orchards. Mr. Wood and his native companion were resting under a steep rock, when the mountaineers, rushing from a vineyard, flung themselves in a body at their feet. For some moments they seemed almost wild

with enthusiasm. Being one of the few who had come ashore in plain European costume, I came in for a very undeserved share of the demonstration of these poor fellows' feelings. Additions continued to be made to the body, and upon every fresh arrival there was a fresh outbreak of unchecked joy. It was a singular sight to see these wild, brigand-looking fellows in their motley costumes, red, purple, green—every colour of the rainbow—so fantastically combined in braided coats or slashed doublets; some with long richly mounted guns slung over their shoulders, others with pistols in their girdles, and a few with the light reed-lance, that is such a formidable weapon in the hands of the Albanians. It was curious and most affecting to see them in their momentary delirium embracing each other, pointing in ecstasy to the ships, abandoning themselves to every impulse of delight. At nightfall there were about 250 of them col-

lected on the beach, to whom it was deemed advisable to distribute arms and ammunition."

In the afternoon the artillery also were landed; and, later in the day, two battalions of Turks, supported by five companies of marines, were made to take up a strong position, commanding the route to the camp from Baalbec. A body of Turks also, it may be remembered, were landed at the embouchure of the Dog River, simultaneously with the disembarkation at Jouni. At the former point they took up a position under the guns of a frigate, to protect the passage from Beyrout.

On the night following the disembarkation, at about 1 A.M., troops were thought to have been discovered moving towards the pass of the Dog River, and immediately a signal of "Enemy advancing" was communicated from before Beyrout to the ships off Jouni (fire having also been opened).

In consequence of this alarm, the boats were landed with a body of seamen, and commenced assisting the marines in dragging the artillery up the acclivity and into position. They continued so occupied for several hours; but it was ultimately discovered that the suspicion of danger had been groundless.

Upon the 11th several prominent positions were thrown out in a semilunar line upon the surrounding heights, and composed solely of Turkish troops. The principal was at Zouk, under General Jochmus. On that day, also, commenced the labours of the marines and sailors in the clearing and fortifying of the main position. That duty was described to me as having been arduous and harassing in the extreme, to the marine soldiers more particularly, who, during the first week, were completely unhoused, and necessarily suffering under many privations. Their toils, at the same

time, were of no ordinary description; that of carrying bags of sand up the steep acclivity to the camp, or building rampart walls round the whole of its enceinte, under a Syrian sun at its most scorching season. The 200 Austrian marines who were landed from their squadron, along with the other troops, equally shared the labours of the fortifications. The portion of the rampart opposite their quarters, solely raised by their efforts, was remarkable for its massive and regular construction.

On one of the first few days of the new encampment, a European stranger being observed loitering in the vicinity, attracted the attention of Captain Mansel, then beachmaster, who immediately addressed him. In answer to various queries, the stranger stated himself to be a Frenchman, his name Count Lemont, and his object merely that of curiosity. The English officer politely informed him that (as he doubtless must be

sufficiently acquainted with the cautions necessary to war) he need not be surprised at being told to consider himself in arrest. The French nobleman, on the contrary, hereupon put himself into a great passion, and loudly asseverated that if such were attempted, the signal vengeance of his nation would be the result. He was, however, at once conveyed to a neighbouring tent. The Admiral subsequently confirmed his arrest, and further directed him to be sent on board one of the English men-of-war, from whence only he would be at liberty when he chose entirely to quit the coast. It may be remembered that during the first popular outbreak amongst the Maronites, a few months previously, the above individual figured extensively in their proceedings. His latter conduct here described, and other considerations, fully warranted the stringent measures which he now experienced.

Another incident I may mention, of an opposite character, which occurred shortly after the landing. In the forenoon of one of those days, the Revenge, signalised from her station at the Nahr el Beyrout to the ships off Dog River, "Enemy's troops bearing as per compass signal" (denoting the direction), the Hydra war-steamer, then lying under the cliffs at the Pass, and consequently precluded from any view into the interior, immediately opened a fire of shells, over the heights to the mountainous ravines beyond. So correct were the instructions from the distant line-of-battle ships, and so well were they executed by the Hydra, that the Revenge, who, from her position, commanded a view of the adjacent country, observed the body of the enemy who had approached, at once now to retire. Lieutenant Fitz James, the Arabic scholar, was subsequently informed by the peasantry that, on that occasion, Ibrahim Pacha had

attempted, with a strong body of horsemen, to make a *réconnaissance* of the allied outposts, but that one of the steamers' shell happened to fall within a few yards of his party, causing them to make a hasty retreat. It was such lessons that gave Ibrahim the fear he has often since expressed of the accuracy of British gunnery execution.

Next, as regards Beyrout; the firing at the Cape continued for a short time after the landing, when the ships neared in towards the town. The Guerierra, Austrian corvette, commanded by H.I.H. Prince Charles Frederick of Austria, and the Zebra brig, then took up a position in St. George's Bay, which covered the bridge leading to the northward, and further enfiladed the road from Beyrout. The Benbow and Ganges anchored before Beyrout, and dispersed by their fire bodies of troops, who attempted to defile from the north environs of the town.

On the morning of the 11th the English and Austrian Admirals despatched, under a flag of truce, the following letter to Suleiman Pacha :—

"We, the Admirals of the British and Austrian squadrons, acting in obedience to the instructions of our respective Governments, and in the interests of his Highness the Sultan, consider it our duty to represent to your Excellency our earnest desire to stop the effusion of blood, and to call upon your Excellency to withdraw your troops from Beyrout, and to deliver the town to our united forces, to be retained in the name of the Sultan.

"Your Excellency will have observed, from the fire of the ships yesterday, a small specimen only of the course we shall be compelled to pursue.

"The fire has not been pressed this morning, that your Excellency may benefit

by the pause, and, upon reflection, come to the decision, in consonance with our benevolent views, to spare the innocent inhabitants from the inevitable horrors which a few hours will inflict upon them.

"We request your Excellency will send an answer as soon you can, or, at the latest, by half-past one.

(Signed) "ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral.
"BANDEIRA, Admiral.

"Off Beyrout, Thursday, 11 A.M.

"*His Excellency Suleiman Pacha, Major-General of the Egyptian Army at Beyrout.*"

In answer to the above the following was, after some time, forwarded:—

"Le Général Suleiman Pacha a l'honneur de présenter ses salutations à Messieurs les Amiraux des escadres Anglaise et Autrichienne, et en même temps il les prévient, que ne sachant pas lire la langue, il lui est impossible de répondre à moins que Mes-

sieurs les Amiraux ne veuillent bien lui faire traduire en Français, ou en Turque, ou en Arabe, leur communication.*

(Signé) " EUJNT. Z. SULEIMAN.

" Beyrout, le 11 Septembre, 1840.

" *A Messieurs les Amiraux, Commandant les Escadres Anglaise et Autrichienne Levant, Baurriet.*"

The option of *Turkish* or *Arabic*, in preference to English, which this epistle proposes, is a bit of conceit,—in the instance in which it was applied, certainly amusing. Much time was thus lost, and, ultimately, on the former letter being sent in French,

* " General Suleiman has the honour to present his compliments to the Admirals commanding the combined English and Austrian squadrons, and would beg to acquaint them that, being ignorant of the language in which their note is written, it is impossible for him to reply to it unless the Admirals will be so good as to have it translated either into French, or into Turkish, or into Arabic."

Suleiman returned a verbal message, — "That he was then engaged at a council of war, but that his reply would be ready next morning." Fire was immediately renewed, and continued at intervals during the night. The English Admiral remained anxious, as at first, to avoid injuring the town, still it was necessary to disturb the movements of the enemy, and to prevent them from making a sortie on the newly-landed body. The aim, therefore, was principally directed against the largest of the Beyrout forts (unless when troops were visible). So well were the humane intentions of the Admiral carried out, that when the Egyptians subsequently evacuated Beyrout, no other portions were found injured, after the long-continued bombardment, than the two forts and the Governor's house, so constructed as to flank the harbour.

Upon the following morning the answer

from the Pacha, which had been requested the day before, was received. I subjoin a translation :—

" Admirals, — You are acquainted with my orders, and after the refusal which, as was my duty, I returned to the proposals made me in the name of your Governments to betray my master and benefactor, it was impossible to suppose that I should act in opposition to his wishes.

" As you observed, I was enabled yesterday fully to appreciate all the extent of evil it was in your power to bring down on innocent families, strangers to the present misunderstanding.

" For the sake of killing five of my soldiers, you have ruined and brought families into desolation ; you have killed women, a tender infant and its mother, an old man, two unfortunate peasants, and doubtless, many others whose names have not yet

reached me; and, far from slackening the fire of your ships, when my soldiers (who, during that deplorable day, did not once fire) fell back on the town across the inhabited country of Beyrout, your fire, I say, became more vigorous and destructive for the unfortunate peasants rather than for my soldiers. You appear decided to make yourselves masters of the town, notwithstanding that, in any event, the question will remain as before. If the fortune of war prove adverse to me, Beyrout shall only fall into your power when reduced to cinders. This town has not ceased being inhabited, and, moreover, it contains merchandise imported from Europe, the value of which is considerable. Under these circumstances, I have constantly endeavoured to justify throughout the grateful thanks which I have received from Europeans. Guards have been posted to secure respect to their habitations and their magazines.

They would find them untouched on their return. It lies not in my power to deliver the town; my orders are for its defence, and I shall defend it come what may. I, therefore, am not the person to address if you are really desirous of sparing innocent persons from the inevitable horrors of warfare, which in a few hours you have power to bring down on them.

"Mehemet Ali alone can give you an answer on this question. If, then, you attack Beyrout, and if its inhabitants are buried in the ruins, let me not be responsible for the blood that is shed.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your humble and obedient Servant,

"GENERAL SULEIMAN.

"Beyrout, Saturday, two hours after sunrise."

There is logic as well as sentiment in this letter, but the sarcastic remark made

about the sacrifice upon the inhabitants, in order to kill only five of his soldiers, must be regarded merely as a strategic assertion. The same style, I afterwards discovered, was frequently employed by the Pacha, and by those about him, to cover his own and his master's weak proceedings. An individual, the nearest in his functions to Suleiman, and who was constantly with him, coolly remarked to me some time afterwards, when speaking of the feint made at the Cape, and in defence of the Pacha's proceeding in having exposed his men, that on his honour, *an old woman* was the only person killed that day by all the fire. He was not aware, perhaps, that I could have mentioned at the time officers high in rank who had fallen.

During the partial bombardment of Beyrout for several days by a portion of the squadron under the eye of the Admiral, an interlude occurred which I cannot omit

mentioning; reflecting, as it does, great credit upon General Suleiman, and proving him to be possessed of a tone of mind that disdains, in the duties of war, unnecessarily to contravene the higher mutual usages of polite civilisation—a feature the best attribute of the real soldier. In the midst of the firing, a white flag being seen hoisted in the town, hostile proceedings were instantly suspended, and on a boat proceeding to the shore, the Indian mail, which had arrived by way of Bagdad, was handed to the officer with Suleiman Pacha's compliments to the Admiral. The latter, on his part, immediately forwarded a warm letter of thanks to the Pacha, and accompanied it with a packet of foreign wine which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel directed to Suleiman. Fire was then at once resumed.

The firing continued at intervals opposite Beyrout up to the 14th September,

when an alteration in the disposition of the ships took place. The Edinburgh, Hastings, and Bellerophon, line-of-battle ships, only remained before the town. The Benbow, Pique, and Castor, received back part of their complement of marines; when the first ship sailed to the northward with 1700 stand of arms for distribution, and the other two were despatched in an opposite direction. The rest of the squadron were brought down to the Bay at Jouni.

During these four days affairs had been equally prosperous at the encampment. Several thousand muskets had been distributed amongst the mountaineers who had flocked there, declaring in favour of the Sultan. Two influential individuals, Sheikh Francis and the Emir Abdalla, the former a man of intelligence and influence in the district, and the latter a nephew of the Emir Beschir, or Prince of the Moun-

tains, had in the interim joined the allied party. Important services had already been rendered by the newly-armed mountaineers, who, in many skirmishes with the enemy's troops, tended to keep open the greater part of the range of country surrounding the outposts of the camp. A new Emir Beschir of the Shehab family had been appointed, *pro tempore*, to replace the former, who was at that time in arms in favour of the enemy.*

At the same time Ibrahim Pacha had not been idle in his manœuvres against the corps. He had already reconnoitred the camp, and was for the most part hovering within a few hours of its vicinity. He had strengthened, also, the army which was with him by reinforcements from Beyrout and Sidon, so as then to amount, it was said,

* The new Emir then appointed was afterwards confirmed from Constantinople.

to about 15,000 men; and he had advanced a battalion and occupied a strong position opposite Zouk, the village where was the chief Turkish outpost.

Upon the 20th of September, Captain Austin of the Cyclops, accompanied by Mr. Wood and several influential mountaineers, proceeded along the Syrian coast between Beyrout and Sidon, in order, if possible, additionally to arm the peasantry, as well as to distribute proclamations in the Sultan's favour. Detachments of the enemy's troops were observable all along the coast, who, although dispersed at different points by the shell of the steamer, still successfully overawed the villagers from communication.

The Cyclops at length reached the bay of Sidon, where she anchored; and at nightfall landed secretly two mountaineers, charged with proclamations. At day-break she bore up nearer to the town, and reconnoitred its defences.

A rather singular capture was subsequently effected. Having received intelligence that a number of camels, laden with provisions for the troops at Beyrout, would leave Sidon on the following evening, the steamer put to sea and waylaid them on the coast. By a few shell opportunely thrown, the guards of the convoy were put to flight; and the boats being despatched, thirty-six bags of barley, and *four of the camels*, were brought off. The officer who effected the capture was induced to do so, he said, under an idea that the animals, on being transported to Jouni, might tend in some degree to ease the labours of the troops. I forget whether the four-footed auxiliaries were ever employed in the manner so laudably contemplated, but the "cutting-out expedition" which effected their capture, was an affair which I regret not to have witnessed. The spectacle of

four such animals, so noted for their biting and sprawling propensities, being carried off amidst a boat's crew, must have been "a sight worth seeing."

Captain Austin, on his return to the Admiral, saw fit, from the examination which he had been enabled to make of the defences of Sidon, and from secret intelligence he acquired there respecting the condition of its garrison, strongly to recommend an attack being made upon that town, the broad plan of which was subsequently followed.

Upon the 24th of the same month, a successful affair occurred in favour of the Allies at the camp. It had been observed, for several days, that the enemy had occupied, and were continually strengthening, an advanced position on the inland heights to the left of Dog River. An attack, therefore, was determined, in order to frustrate

such an occupation, as well as to chill the courage which the Egyptians had newly plucked up.

The Commodore marched out in person, with four Turkish battalions under Selim Pacha, a battalion of marines under Capt. Figan, and a detachment of Austrians under Capt. Baldirsiretto.

The disposition of the attack was arranged with that judgment and prudence pre-eminent in the character of the Commodore. The enemy were posted on the summit of those precipitous mountains which, on the left bank particularly, mark the course of the Dog River. I shall quote from the Commodore's own description, as, although I am well acquainted with the ground, I consider the gallant officer's account gives a better detail than any I could offer.

"The ground on either side of Kelbson is very high and precipitous, and offers

great advantages to the defending, and very considerable danger to the attacking party; as some security against this, a Turkish battalion descended unseen near the entrance of the gorge through which Dog River runs, and gained the heights on the other side; the marines and Austrian rocket detachment, covered by this battalion, crossed higher up, crowned the heights, and advanced on the enemy's position about two leagues off. The Turkish battalion remained in position to cover our right, in the event of Suleiman Pacha advancing from Beyrout to disturb our operations. The Turkish battalions, who descended into the gorge before the marines, pushed their way up the river, and advanced in a mountain-path to turn the enemy's left; this being perceived, they abandoned their entrenchments and occupied a new position on the heights of Ornochojouen, about a league to the right of their entrenchment.

"The Turks arrived with great rapidity and gallantry. General Jochmus, the chief of the staff, accompanied by my aide-de-camp, Lieut. Bradley, of the Powerful, put himself at the head of the skirmishers and shewed a noble example, which was as nobly followed by his Excellency Selim Pacha at the head of a battalion: the country people also joined, and were not the last in advancing. The enemy's skirmishers were speedily driven in, and their main body, consisting of about 700 men, fired two volleys, and retired in great confusion, the Turks following them up with so much vigour that between 400 and 500 prisoners were made, and the rest dispersed. The enemy moving from their first position, on which the marines advanced, threw them out, and the work was done entirely by the Turks; the marines were, however, most anxious to try their strength, and I hope an opportunity may soon offer.

"This operation opened the whole district of Kata; and the mountaineers, who had been driven from their homes, flocked down in great numbers, and were immediately armed. I have great reason to be satisfied with the conduct of his Excellency Selim Pacha and with General Jochmus, who fearlessly exposed himself in front, accompanied by my young friend, Lieutenant Bradley."

CHAPTER III.

EXPEDITION TO THE NORTHWARD — TRIPOLI — TORTOSA — RUAD — FRIGATE EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTHWARD — CAPTURE OF CAIFFA AND TYRE.

We will now follow proceedings along the coast during the period detailed throughout the former chapter. The Benbow, whose departure I have noticed, fell in with the Carysfort frigate and Zebra brig off Batroun, when those latter ships, in accordance with instructions from the Commander-in-chief, proceeded along with the Benbow, and under her orders. Upon reaching Tripoli, which they did on the 18th September, the ships anchored as near the Marina as the depth of water would per-

mit.* During the forenoon a summons was sent desiring the surrender of the place; to that demand no answer was forthcoming until the evening, when it was repeated, and refused. On the next day a cutter's crew was sent to carry out a French merchant brig, which would have been injured by the firing; in doing which musketry was discharged at the boat from on shore. The fire of the ships was then opened, and principally directed against some large warehouses in the vicinity, with a view of destroying as much as possible the provisions of the town, as there were in it at the time 3000 Arnaut troops dependent on its supplies.

No opportunity presenting itself of further molestation upon the enemy, in consequence of the distance of the city

* The town of Tripoli is built about a mile from the shore, but has a *marina* (as it is termed), or maritime outskirt, close to the water's edge.

from the sea, the three ships again got under way, and on the 21st arrived off the island of Ruad, near Tortosa. The ordinary population of this island is said to amount to about 1500 souls; but it was then crowded to four times that amount by refugees who had flocked there from the towns on the northern coast, in dread of the features of war. It is surrounded by a sea-wall and several batteries, all of them, however, in a dismantled and ruinous condition. As soon as the ships arrived, the island was formally taken possession of: shortly afterwards a considerable body of Egyptian cavalry appeared at a neighbouring watering-place on the main-land, and made a demonstration of preventing the inhabitants of Ruad from fetching its supplies, upon which they were in a great degree dependent. But a few well-directed shells shortly compelled the cruel-intentioned enemy to retreat.

An attempt upon Tortosa was shortly afterwards determined upon. I shall quote from the official despatch of Captain Stewart, as to his motives for attack.

"All information concurred in representing the great importance of Tortosa to the enemy's troops; and all agreed in declaring, that could we destroy the provisions the troops must shift their quarters, and thus leave the communication with the mountains (whose inhabitants were most anxious for arms) comparatively open. We were also informed that the chief store-houses were situated close to the sea; that a breach might be made in the outer wall, and immediate access obtained to them. Four successive deserters from the enemy's cavalry (each arriving on different days) stated there were no soldiers quartered in Tortosa, but a party was regularly sent down every night to bring away sufficient provisions for their different detachments;

and the last deserter, who left Tortosa so late as the 24th, stated confidently that there was not then a soldier in it; that even had any come in after his departure, they could only be dismounted cavalry, with short carbines, — that a sort of a council-of-war had been held two days before, when it was resolved that, as they had no infantry, cavalry alone could protect it; and that they must get camels, &c., to remove the stores from it as speedily as possible: and he offered, if we gave him an axe, to land with a boat's crew and break the corn-store door open; and the other three deserters likewise offered to go. This determined me to make an attempt either to take the town, or at least, to destroy the stores."

Never, certainly, was a more plausible expedition contemplated, or one comparatively more unfortunate in its issues.

The town presented at its sea front a

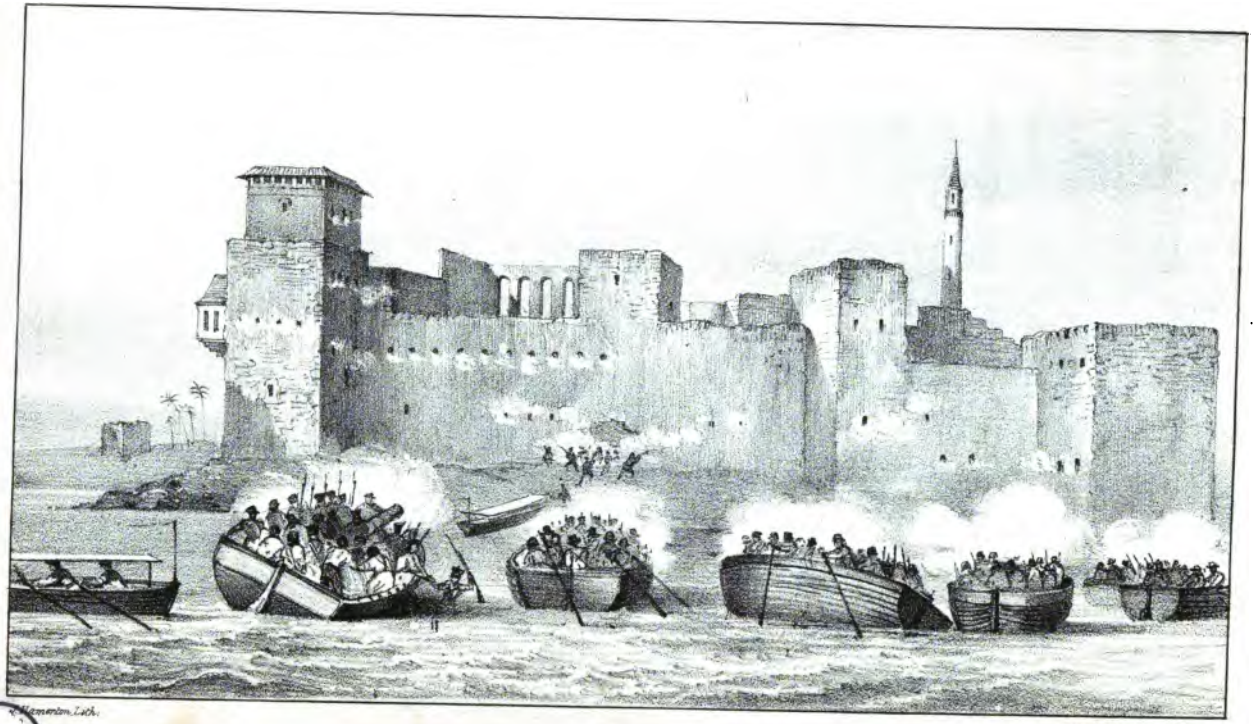
line of wall, flanked at either angle by a tower; the wall not exceeding sixteen yards from the margin of the sea. Between the two towers was observed a portion of the wall which had been built in, and where previously had been an arch-way. It was there that breach was determined to be made. The Carysfort and Zebra, on the morning of the 24th, approached to within 500 yards of the wall. The line-of-battle ship was obliged to remain about two miles out, in consequence of a large shoal which extended in front of the town.

At 1 P.M. the boats to be employed in the attack rendezvoused round the Carysfort. The force was composed of the Benbow's first cutter, which was to land Lieutenant Charlewood, gunnery lieutenant of the Benbow, with nine picked men. That officer had with him a quantity of powder, arranged with fuses, for the destruction of the stores of provision, if neces-

sary; and the men accompanying him were provided with crow-bars, sledge-hammers, and other heavy implements for bursting open doors, or to enable them to assist in laying a train. Next were the Benbow's launch, barge, and pinnace, and the Carysfort and Zebra's pinnaces, which were to land a party of fifty marines under Lieutenant Harrison, and twenty seamen under Lieutenant Maitland. These boats, after landing the men specified, were to lay off and be ready to cover, if necessary, an embarkation.

At a little after one o'clock, the Carysfort and Zebra commenced a cannonade against the built-up archway, and also the flanking towers. In a few minutes a clear way was seen through the wall at the desired spot, when the boats immediately pushed off. The first cutter pulled safely on shore, and at the moment only that she grounded on the beach, the enemy's fire opened, and

several balls struck the boat. Meanwhile the launch following with her numerous complement, suddenly struck on a sunken reef, about sixty yards from the shore, and which the cutter, from its very light draught of water, had passed unwittingly over. All the other boats successively coming up at the same instant met a like catastrophe; and a heavy fire immediately fell into them from every loophole in the defences, and even from the shot openings made a few minutes previously. Often has that trying occasion been described to me by the different officers employed; and never did British courage, even to the humblest engaged, appear to shew greater judgment and presence of mind. The Carysfort and Zebra discharged round shot into the line of walls; and although their shot necessarily had to pass close over the heads of their own party, not one injured other than its intended object. Various attempts



ATTACK ON TORTOSA.

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were made by Mr. Hall of the launch to lighten her over the reef, but without success; whilst the other boats were equally unfortunate in their efforts.

Meanwhile a number of the seamen and marines got into the water, and attempted to walk along the reef to the shore; in doing which they got most of their ammunition wetted, and ultimately found that the reef was disconnected on every side. Those in the boats kept up a steady fire upon every crevice from which the enemy was annoying them; to which circumstance alone may be attributed the fact of the whole party not being sacrificed, as deserters subsequently stated the loopholes were so well covered, that the soldiers within, fearing to expose themselves, for the most part knelt below, and fired at random over their heads.

To return to Lieutenant Charlewood and his party, who were already on shore. Pro-

ceeding into the town under the guidance of the deserters, they shortly arrived at a great square, or market-place, where they succeeded in discovering and breaking into several large magazines of grain. Leaving his men at that point, the lieutenant hastened back for additional assistance, ignorant of the fate which had attended his comrades. The first cutter, the only boat which could pass the reef, had by this time succeeded in landing Lieutenant Maitland and fourteen of his men, when the two officers hastened into the town together, with the other seamen. In the absence, however, of Lieutenant Charlewood, a circumstance occurred to his party which put a finishing stroke to the misfortune of the day. The seamen who had been left there under charge of Mr. Turner, a gunner, with orders to remain stationary, like true tars, feeling *gêné* for want of employment, must needs break open a large cellar which they

saw in the vicinity. It was filled to the door with soldiery, ready to pounce upon the astonished assailants! The disturbed soldiers seized hold of the two nearest, and attempted to drag them in; but they were saved by their comrades, who hurled from the unwieldy instruments with which they were armed a couple of death-blows on the Egyptians. The seamen then effected their escape unhurt. The two lieutenants, encountering these men in their retreat, did not deem it judicious, with the small party who had been landed, and the additional number of the enemy let loose, to undertake any further inroad upon the town.

The predicament of the boats and the fire from the defences continued as before. Three men had already been killed in serving the launches' carronade; when Mr. Hall himself undertook the gun, seven others were wounded in the boat: the other boats proportionately suffered.

The above state of things had lasted for about twenty minutes, when Captain Stewart, the better to inform himself as to proceedings, visited the scene of action in his gig. That officer, wishing to take his quota also of the active duty, had provided himself with his rifle, and being an excellent shot, did not miss any opportunity which presented itself on the enemy. Hailing Lieutenant Maitland in the breach, he was informed by him that there was no longer any prospect of success, the ammunition of his own men being nearly expended, and much of that belonging to the marines having been rendered useless by the water; Captain Stewart therefore immediately ordered those on shore to embark (by the assistance of the first cutter), and all the boats afterwards to retire. The launch was ultimately towed clear by the Carysfort jolly-boat, under charge of Captain Stewart's son, whose exertions on that occasion have

been very highly spoken of. A collected and orderly retreat was effected. Lieutenant Charlewood, who distinguished himself throughout by his gallantry and coolness, succeeded even in carrying off with him his exploding apparatus. The first cutter, under charge of Mr. Hay, midshipman, is mentioned in Captain Stewart's despatch as having rendered most essential service: in landing the men from the boats, and in re-embarking them, as well as in communicating with the ships, it was exposed throughout to the hottest fire. The amount of loss altogether in the affair was six killed and seventeen wounded. Mr. Day, a mate, who behaved very gallantly in the boat under his charge, was grazed by a ball in the leg.

Several unfortunate circumstances concurred to render futile the attack upon Tortosa. A native who had been taken on board the Benbow at Ruad, and who de-

clared that he knew all the soundings about the town, neglected to mention the obstruction of the reef, although afterwards he confessed himself aware of its existence. He thought, he said, that the boats could easily have passed over it. There were subsequently many suspicions as to the motives of his conduct. On the morning also of the attack, 200 infantry and 100 dismounted cavalry had entered the town from the northward. Any further attempt was rendered impracticable, as Tortosa was on the next day garrisoned by a large body of Arnauts.

The ships shortly afterwards distributed 300 stand of arms, with adequate ammunition, to the mountaineers in the immediate neighbourhood. The Carysfort was then left at Ruad, and the Benbow and Zebra proceeded farther to the northward.

Although it is now time to attend to other proceedings, I cannot help mention-

ing here a circumstance which occurred shortly afterwards to the two latter ships, as amongst the numerous accidents which tend firmly to root the sailors' superstitious propensities. A week had elapsed, and the Benbow was then not less than thirty miles from Tortosa, when a hammock, in which was the body of one of those who had fallen in the late attack, came to the surface, half erect in the water, near the bow of the ship, and as the vessel was making but little way at the time, continued for several minutes to float alongside. But, what is more remarkable, exactly the same circumstance occurred the day before to the Zebra. A boat had to be despatched in both instances to sink the bodies. As may be supposed, these occurrences were looked upon as intentional visits to the ships from departed comrades, and they were said to have occasioned great gloom among the crews.

To follow now the Castor and Pique frigates, which I mentioned as leaving Beyrout on the 14th, the same day as the Benbow, but in an opposite direction. They sailed under the command of Captain Collier, of the Castor. Very different fortune to what I have lately been describing, attended their efforts. They appeared off Caiffa, along with the Ottoman frigate Dewan, on the 16th, and on the following morning demanded the surrender of the place. The flag of truce for that purpose was not suffered to approach the walls. A broadside from each of the ships was consequently discharged at the batteries, mounting eight guns, and which were seen ready manned to return the fire. But such was the effect upon the enemy of this united and well-directed *coup*, that an immediate *déroute* took place. The forsaken ramparts were then promptly taken possession of from the ships, the guns spiked, and

otherwise rendered inefficient, and all the stores and munition of war destroyed or transported to the ships; amongst the latter were two 13-inch mortars.

On the next day the Castor took up a position covering the road which leads into the town from Acre, distant about ten miles, at the other extremity of the bay. A large body of troops were observed in that vicinity.

It was then determined to dislodge the enemy from a castle in the rear of the town, which the Egyptians still held, and which mounted five guns. When the occupants, as in the former instance, had been made to decamp, a small-arm party were landed, who, in sight of the neighbouring troops, threw over the cannon and stores from the castle.

These fortunate but energetic achievements by Captains Collier and Boxer were the work of only three days; prisoners and

many deserters being gained, and not a man lost on the British side.

From Caiffa the two frigates returned northward to Soar (Tyre), which place they reached on the 24th. The town was occupied by a large body of Egyptian troops. Captain Collier immediately sent an intimation that he intended to open fire in order to effect the dislodgment of the soldiery; thus giving the peaceable inhabitants timely warning. The latter benefited by his advice, and a sharp bombardment having been commenced, the troops were soon seen scampering towards the open country. At daylight the marines of the two frigates landed and took possession, Captain Boxer having previously reconnoitred. Large stores of provisions were found in the granaries.

Considerable defences had been thrown up within and around the town, which the crews of the ships soon levelled.

Captain Collier, in his despatch to the Admiral, makes the following distinguished mention of several officers employed under him. "To my gallant friend, Captain Boxer, I am deeply indebted for the assistance he has afforded me on every occasion in the execution of this service; but particularly for his vigilance each day in preventing surprise on the troops landing. He speaks in the highest terms of Lieutenant Curry, senior lieutenant of the Pique, who had charge of the party employed levelling the approach to the town. I feel myself called upon to recommend especially to your notice Lieutenant Patey, of this ship, as an officer of great merit, who has highly distinguished himself on this service, as well as at Caiffa."

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN THE CAMP—NEWS FROM THE COAST—CAPTURE OF SIDON—EXPLOITS AT BEYROUT.

Upon the 25th of September I landed at Jouni. When I had before seen the eminence on which the encampment had been constructed, it was but a pathless rock, its sides covered with mulberry-trees, amongst which were discernible the few houses composing the village of Jouni. At one angle was a small Maronite chapel; at another, the almost covered ruin of an ancient terrace,—as pretty and rural a spot as could be met with. Great was the metamorphosis which now presented itself. Bristling ramparts

extended around it in every direction, surmounted by nearly a hundred thousand sand-bags. It was approached from below by a broad path, cut directly across the rock. It had its parade, and its hospital, tents, stables, and magazines, and, in short, every feature of a thoroughly organised and strongly fortified military position. It may be said that this is nothing extraordinary as a military operation; but let it be remembered that it was the work of only 1700 men in ten days, without other assistance than the working parties of a few line-of-battle ships, and landed on an enemy's coast, in the vicinity of a very superior force, and where, consequently, great vigilance was at the same time necessary. The chapel I have mentioned was occupied by the Commodore, the entrance to the camp being made to pass under its walls, whilst from its only window there peeped out a 6-pounder, which ranged an adjacent hill.

On the ruined terrace, towards the sea, and elevated above the camp, had been placed a 5½-inch howitzer, protected with sand-bags. Within the principal lines were two inner lines, facing the western or weakest portion. Farther on the western side, adjoining the combined English and Austrian divisions, were the Turkish quarters. In front of the latter a field-work had also been thrown up, extending about ninety yards. The artillery in position consisted of nine English field-pieces, three 5½-inch howitzers, and six small Turkish pieces. The camp was slightly commanded from the range of hills skirting it at distances of from 900 to 1500 yards, but the ascent to these heights would have been very difficult for heavy artillery, and they were at the same time within long range of the ships. The European portion of the camp was distinguished by the Commodore's blue pendant over his residence; and that of the Turks

by their national standard displayed above the green tent of Selim Pacha. The active force then, I believe, consisted of about 5000 Turks, rank and file, 1500 marines, 200 Austrians, and a company inclusive of British artillery, sappers and miners.

The spot chosen by the Commodore upon which to plant the standard of the Sultan, and to form around it a nucleus of resistance from whence to retake Syria, would appear to have been, all things considered, a most favourable one. Regarded in a politic point of view, it was at the centre of Lebanon, and hence offered a ready communication with those disaffected mountaineers whose assistance it was the first object to gain. Locally considered as adapted for contest, it was equally advantageous. It was comprised on three sides within a bold and isolated rock, highly capable of defence, immediately contiguous to the sea, and offering, at its best-protected

portion, peculiar facilities for embarkation, if necessary. It was bounded on the eastern side by a rugged line of heights, forming a wide semicircle, at the distance of a mile, where several good positions presented themselves. The descent from those heights to the camp was through a ravine, where the progress of even a single man was much impeded; or over a series of broken terraces, the whole of which were capable of being contested. North and south, along the sea-shore, it was unapproachable; the only passage on the right wing, except under the cannon of the squadron, being across a circumscribed tract, to defend which two ships were stationed within moderate range; whilst on the left it was flanked by the torrent of the Dog River, which, winding through precipitous mountains, was passable only at its embouchure, covered by a line-of-battle ship.

Life in the camp presented to my mind many novel and striking impressions. The bustling yet warlike air pervading the scene, —the excitement produced by constantly expected attack,—the rumours which every fresh day brought,—even the hardships in regard to comforts, and frequently necessaries,—all, for a time, contributed spirit and zest to the mode of existence.

The large tent in which I had my abode was also occupied by twelve seamen and their two officers, Lieutenant Christian and Mr. Warre, then a mate. Cutlasses at one end, and swords and pistols at the other, denoted the respective divisions. A table of rough boards, supported by stones, with seats of the same description, were, with a large canteen-box, the only articles of furniture, and served further to denote the aristocratic portion. At the sailors' end, between the poles, were hung the articles of Jack's common solicitude,—his grog, pork,

and biscuit; and on the officers' side, whatever else the good fortune of the day had furnished. At the door, cooking manipulations were generally going forward, comprised in a pot of huge dimensions. There also the tars might be seen, their round little hat jauntily on the head, consoling themselves with a quid, or smoking an original-looking short pipe they had manufactured from the reeds in the neighbourhood. A quantity of clean straw, spread out at either end, were the only preparations for the night. Every man off duty lay down in his clothes, with his arms beside him, ready at a moment's notice.

The tent was at a part of the rampart, where were placed the two field-pieces under charge of its occupants. A sentinel from amongst the men was constantly posted at the guns; and they were twice daily exercised at their respective duties. Although officers and men were living thus

confined together, such were the habits of good discipline on either side, that every thing appeared as correct and well regulated as on board of ship.

The night did not often go by with less excitement than the day. On almost the first that I passed there, the peal of the drum suddenly awoke me. Stumbling out a minute afterwards, I saw the port-fires lit, the ammunition-boxes open, and every man at his station ready to serve the guns. The alarm had been occasioned by the discharge of a musket from the separate Turkish portion of the camp, but which, after all had been under arms for about a quarter of an hour, was found to have been the effect of a groundless suspicion. If awake at other times, there was generally sufficient to attract attention; the resonant and long-continued hourly cry of the Turkish sentinels,—the never-ceasing wail of jackals,

sometimes at our very ears, — or the sharp challenge and responses of the English sentries, on the arrival of the rounds.

We will review the camp, and undertake the task somewhat systematically. The nearest scene which would attract attention is at its entrance. There, at a sharp turning of the road leading up from the beach, where the breastworks had been so constructed as to form an expanded angle, were to be found the hucksters to the soldiery, whose commodities generally consisted of abundance of grapes and a few fowls; the former almost hidden by myriads of flies, and the latter in a fit condition to represent the misery and leanness of the land, under existing circumstances. In front of the whole paced an English soldier, stern in his resistance to any attempt made by them to pass into the interior. One corner of this entrance was formed by the

Maronite chapel, now dignified as the residence of the Commodore. We will penetrate its precincts. Few objects within attract attention. At one end is a large painted canvass of the imperial arms of Austria (in honour of our brave ally), whilst in the other parts a simple tent-bedstead, a long table, a few chairs, and a 6-pounder carronade at the window, comprised its equipment. I shall not speak of its rightful occupant, for he was seldom there. At the farthest outposts, or in the neighbouring hills overlooking the enemy, it is more probable he might be met with. But General Jochmus, it is to be presumed, would be sitting at the table; for he loved better the bustle of head-quarters. And here I may be permitted a digression respecting that officer.

General Jochmus, in his history, illustrates a feature common to our day,—

namely, the accession of place and emolument to one whose erratic course of life might, *à priori*, have been considered unpromising. A Hamburgher by birth, a Pole by extraction, he commenced his career, it is said, in the counting-house of a merchant. It would appear that he was soon led to adopt a course of life more congenial to his tastes. Joining in the Greek Revolution, he acquired the language, and ultimately became known as one of the local aides-de-camp to General Church. Spain, in her internal troubles, was subsequently the only field which presented itself to such a man; and there he was equally fortunate. He early received great favour from an efficient English officer, then in the same service, for the talented manner in which he arranged some entangled commissariat accounts. From that first step he soon became possessed of

one of Spain's highest orders, and was left in temporary command of "the Legion." His conduct as an officer has been described, on several occasions during that civil war, as dashing and gallant; and proved him to be possessed of good personal courage. At the conclusion of the war in Spain he entered upon the Household List then established, and hence received the rank of General. When the late intentions of the Powers were declared, he was a resident in Turkey: his services were proffered and accepted. At the time I speak of, however, he was without actual Turkish rank in Syria; and subordinate, as every other officer, under the English leaders. It will be seen that very high honours still awaited him.

The General, I believe, might assume as a motto from his wars, that which Shakspeare has given to a King of Macedon (in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre"):—

. . . . " The device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, ...
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per fuerca.*" *

To return to our former subject, the camp: — Continuing from the entrance which has first been described, a broad path, descending about an hundred yards across the side of the rock, conducted to the sea-beach. Soldiers might be seen toiling up the steep ascent, in the oppressive heats of those days, carrying bags of water, or provisions, to the cantonments; with here and there one who considered himself fortunate in having gained the services of a jackass or a mule, but which the labours of urging upwards seemed almost equally fatiguing.

Upon reaching the beach, a busy and

* More by sweetness than by force. This *savoir le monde* is clearly, nowadays, the luckiest weapon — *sic itur ad astra!*

crowded scene, highly characteristic of the enterprise upon which the allies were engaged, ordinarily presented itself. In the angles of the cool rock, near the water's edge, knots of the most influential Sheiks and relations of the Emirs, in rich Eastern costume, sat smoking the nahrgyley, or the Damascus pipe. Their humbler followers composed a throng in the vicinity, sometimes of many hundreds, armed to the teeth, but in a singular and medley manner. Some had English muskets, some Greek, some Turkish; all wore in their girdle the native *hanjar*, or broad knife, with a large wooden bottle of gunpowder, equally national, pendant behind. Others, who had met the enemy, added to their equipment the short Egyptian sword, mounted with a white strap, or a gay sabre and pistols, acquired in the same manner. Those mountaineers of the Kisruan district were universally tall, stalwart, and well-developed

men; of bold expression of countenance, set off with an immense moustache; so that their warlike bearing contributed not a little to the general effect. Amongst them, also, were generally a number of the Druse sect, distinguished from the rest by a yellow black-bordered handkerchief, tied over the skullcap, and falling upon each shoulder; further remarkable by their dark, gloomy, and forbidding countenances, and long raven hair. Such a crowd was not unfrequent, either after any skirmish had occurred in the mountains, or when the Sheiks came to visit the camp for money or ammunition.

Near the same portion of the beach, at about fifty yards from the commencement of the path from which we have just descended, was a large sail-tent, the abode of "the Beach-master." A commander from the fleet usually held that office: his ostensible and most important duty was that

of arranging, if such should be necessary, an immediate embarkation for the troops,—boats being always held in readiness; and, further, in preventing any confusion in the ordinary communication with the camp, from the ships of the squadron. In another tent near at hand were arms and ammunition for distribution to the mountaineers. In front, a long line of ships' boats extended at the water's edge, no less varied than the former group, and comprising every build, from the light and elegant four-oared gig, or whaling boat, of the captains, to the ponderous twenty-oared launch of the ships of the line.

Proceeding still farther along the beach which forms the interior of Jouni Bay, after a few hundred yards the noisy scene was left behind; but in the distance, about a quarter of a mile, another and nearly as busy a concourse would be assembled. At that spot were the numerous native boats

that brought fruit and grain from the few villages then opened towards Tripoli; and there also was a slaughtering-place for cattle, brought down for sale by the peasantry from the mountains. Both were interdicted from a nearer approach to the camp.

There is but one object which tempts me to pass farther in the same direction: it is a small reed hut, scarcely six feet in extent, built in the sand; and in which an old man has, it is said, lived a hermit for sixty years. Such was the statement I received from an Englishman, by extraction, and who also had passed a long life in the neighbouring town of Beyrout. The interior had a few boards placed on stones at one end, which served the several purposes of seat, table, and bed, to its occupant. A few fishing implements, an old pair of oars, and a very old tobacco-pipe, included the remainder of its garnishment. The old

man was hale and healthy, of very few words, and apparently enjoyed much contentment. My informant stated, on taking me to visit him, that his determined seclusion remained a wonder to all the peasantry around. He had never married; and even in the severest wet season, or winter, refused to remove his abode to any village. He had a very small boat hard by, in which he caught fish, and, selling them in the neighbourhood, received in exchange tobacco or bread; besides that he was much esteemed by the peasantry, who at other times kept him from want. In such a man there appears not the misanthrope, but an original, cast from Nature's mould,—solitary and unenvying. His lot in Syria had perhaps been the least unalloyed of any other; too mean for oppression, the hand of tyranny had passed scathlessly over him; and he might regard with equal

unconcern the turmoil and strife of every conflicting party.

We will ascend the heights which skirt Jouni on the eastern side. The country there is verdant and highly picturesque. A plain, planted with mulberry gardens, extends for about half a mile to the base of the mountain-range. But soon the ground becomes rugged and difficult, and the ascent is only gained over rocky and broken ground, through a long ravine leading to the village of Zouk. Palm-trees, with the green foliage of the mulberry, were interspersed in terraces on the hill-side, amidst the flat-roofed houses of the peasantry. It was midway towards the top of those heights that the best view of the camp and its vicinity was to be obtained; and there one day, whilst accompanying Mr. Warre, that gentleman sketched the beautiful view of Jouni since published.

But the bold foreground,— the gay camp in mid-distance,— the numerous shipping in the bay, and the wide expanse of ocean seen beyond;— above all, the soft and beautiful Eastern sky mellowing every object, was a scene which none other than a Claude or a Poussin could have done justice to. Higher up, and a little to the left of Zouk, was a large dwelling-house, occupied by a body of Turks under Omar Bey, and forming the last outpost on that side. On my first visit I was received most politely by the Bey, to whom I was then a stranger. I found him to be a German, with every external appearance of a Turk; and, as I afterwards discovered, had many years before been the first renegade from Christianity to Mahommedanism. There was then living with him the Père Rhyllo, chief of the order of Jesuits in Syria, who had early joined the Sultan's cause, and from whose intelligence

and influence most essential service had accrued. Omar Bey has been described to me by good authorities as one of the best soldiers in the service of the Porte. We will see more of both the above individuals on other occasions.

Returning again to the camp, I must introduce a personage, not without importance amongst the occupants of our tent; I allude to the mountaineer, spoken of at Gebail, and who still continued to accompany me — Rohannah, for that was his name.

Rohannah was a fierce enemy of the Pacha; his arms were scrupulously clean; his ammunition in order; and he was a famous shot. As proof of his homely talents, I may mention that, during the fortnight in which I remained in the flag-ship's tent, country luxuries, necessarily very rare in the vicinity, were seldom wanting at our table. He would start at daylight far into the mountains, and in a few hours return,

sometimes with a store of eggs, figs, grapes, and *hobbes*,* which made us the envy of all our neighbours. But, alas! too, in those hard times, he was often forced to return nearly empty-handed. He was a general commission agent, likewise, in a small way to the seamen with whom he messed; although neither understood more than a few words of the other's language, they were ever, however, on the best possible terms: so do the roughings of life bring opposites into concord. Of one thing Rohannah was not a little proud,— namely, that by a pass from head-quarters, which he wore in his turban, he was the only mountaineer-peasant allowed to enter within the breast-works.

To be a faithful chronicler of things as they were in Jouni, there remain yet other features to be noted, besides those which

* *Hobbes* (bread),— a simple meal-cake, universally eaten in Syria.

would depict only the novelties and excitements of a warlike life: there is yet the reverse of the picture, with its attendant miseries. The country around, for many leagues, was necessarily to a great extent devastated. Near the main position, in the vicinity of the outposts, and in the routes lying most open for the approach of the enemy, houses had to be levelled, gardens destroyed, and mulberry plantations cut down. The former reduced the peasant to immediate want, and the latter entailed upon him a more enduring evil, as it affected his future means of support, — the cultivation of the silk-worm. Groups of women and children might be seen, in all the neighbouring mountain villages, comparatively houseless. I passed over Jouni several months afterwards; and a peasant in the village, when he heard the name of my nation, cursed it for the evils which he said it had inflicted upon him. His planta-

tions were no longer serviceable, and he lived on the scanty means afforded him by fishing. I told him remuneration had been promised by the Turks, but could not blame the scornful laugh with which he met the remark. What could I say; but that for every village or individual England had unwittingly injured, she had prevented Ibrahim from destroying thousands? The poor peasant judged of circumstances by the good or evil they brought to himself personally, and every one is apt to form conclusions in the same manner.

There were not wanting, also, drawbacks of an opposite nature equally unavoidable. I shall mention an incident which met my observation. Walking one evening, towards sunset, with Lieut. Christian, we gained the ruined terrace which looks directly over the Turkish quarters. A string of five men, proceeding along the sea-beach, under charge, apparently, of two

soldiers, attracted our attention. They were all Turks; and the five, who seemed prisoners, had their hands bound behind them. From the downcast looks of these men, we were induced to remark the proceedings from the height on which we stood. The party continued for a few hundred yards, until they reached the outside of the wall which limited, at the sea-side, the Turkish quarters; leaving the men there, one of the soldiers entered a neighbouring tent, and having brought out a large pitcher (it is to be presumed of water), held it consecutively to the prisoners' heads, who seemed to drink with great avidity. A few minutes elapsed, after which three other soldiers arrived: the five prisoners were arranged in a line, with their faces to the sea and their backs to their armed companions, who then retired some thirty paces. "They are going to shoot the men!" I said. My companion exclaimed that such must

be impossible—five soldiers only brought forward to execute the same number of people! In another moment my surmise had been verified; a volley was discharged, but only *one* of the men fell. I cannot dwell upon the scene; it was the most barbarous ever my lot to witness. The muskets were loaded and reloaded several times, and full ten minutes elapsed before an end was put to the sufferings of the victims; whilst the matter was coolly regarded by a number of spectators, who had collected behind the neighbouring wall. Such is a Turkish military execution! The men had been caught, with many others, all soldiers, in an attempt to desert to the enemy, and every one suffered the same just, although most cruelly executed penalty.

I will resume again the narrative of general operations, in the order in which intelligence was brought to the camp during my stay.

Captain Collier, at Soar, continued to maintain his former successes. In a despatch to the Admiral, he says:—

"The Cyclops joined on the morning of the 30th ult. The enemy, then about 800 infantry and 60 cavalry, occupying a hill in front of this town, about three miles distant, and throwing out their outposts so as to cut off all communication between the town and country. I ordered the Cyclops to take a position in the South Bay, and under her protecting fire sent out a few countrymen who had taken up arms for the Sultan, with such a disposable force as the service would admit of from this ship and the Ottoman frigate, under the command of Lieut. Patey of this ship; and I soon had the pleasure of seeing their pickets move in, and the main body retreat behind the hill. The mountaineers behaved with great spirit, and our little force succeeded in bringing in forty prisoners and deserters of the

Egyptian army. I cannot speak too highly of the officers and men employed on this service for their steady conduct in the face of so superior a force. The roads are now open, and there is free communication between the town and country. The inhabitants are returning with confidence to their houses."

The Commodore, about this time, made a naval *reconnaissance* upon the fortress of St. Jean d'Acre. Among the many examples of daring *sang froid*, on the part of this distinguished officer, I am not aware of any which better depicts his character than the one in question. He embarked in the Hydra war-steamer, and in the forenoon of the 3d October that ship bore down towards the north-east side of the fortress. When within about 1800 yards, her head was put about, and she proceeded to skirt the whole sea-front. In previous instances when our ships approached any of the

enemy's batteries, it had been a rule to hoist the Ottoman standard at the main; a proceeding which frequently had the effect of deterring the Mussulmans from opening fire. Whatever were the motives of the foe, assumed or real, in this forbearance, it would appear the Commodore's proud heart disdained its apparent compromise; and the Hydra now approached without other colours than the royal ensign at the stern, and the Commodore's barger conspicuous aloft. A commotion became shortly observable along the ramparts, but the steamer kept steadily to her course. Soon one of the enemy's cannon was seen to discharge, and a heavy shot passed between the main and foremast. Almost immediately fire issued from several other embrasures, and this time a shot struck under the larboard counter, making a deep indentation in the ship's side; others fell in the water, within a yard or two. It was

evident the enemy's guns were well laid. The Commodore was sitting in an armchair by the wheel, and although several gallant officers on board began to look a little astonished at the thickly coming missiles, the sturdy Commodore did not so much as turn his head; but in a calm voice, and motioning with his hand, said to the steersman — "Port a little — port — that will do;" and thus the ship's head being slightly altered, the enemy's range was so far confounded. The Commodore continued his inspection along the whole line, but, as may be imagined, did not choose that the enemy should have all the firing to themselves. The Paixans were carefully directed, and more than one shell alighted close behind the ramparts.* Having completed his survey,

* A deserter subsequently stated to the authorities at Caiffa, that no less than fifteen of the garrison were killed and wounded in the ramparts by one of those shells.

as far as circumstances would allow, he came back again in the evening to his duties at the camp.* *Fortes fortuna juvat!*

STORMING OF SIDON.

The allied party having established a footing in the country, and, by the strength acquired in their position, gained a necessary degree of confidence, it had been considered fitting time to undertake some grander achievements, the success of which should place them beyond the mere first steps, which hitherto only had been effected.

* Several officers on board the Hydra counted the number of discharges from the fortress that were directed against them, and they mostly agree in the number of *thirty-five.* Although in such instances, the chances of the aim missing its object must greatly preponderate in favour of an approaching vessel, lessened only by the amount of guns directed against her from different points, still the good fortune in the present case of her Majesty's steamer is something remarkable.

Thus it was determined to attempt by storm the capture of Sidon, one of the three principal maritime posts of the enemy; and Commodore Napier was appointed to the command. A battalion of 500 marines, under Captain Morrison, and a Turkish battalion, including the same number of men, were embarked on the evening of the 26th (September), in the two war-steamers Cyclops and Gorgon. They were to be accompanied by the Thunderer, line-of-battle ship; the Guerriera, Austrian frigate; the Gul Sefide, Turkish corvette; and the Wasp brig. At daylight, those ships got under way; immediately afterwards, the Stromboli war-steamer hove in sight from England, having on board 250 marines, under Captain Wylack, and she, also, with her troops was ordered to join the expedition. The greatest secrecy was maintained by the Admiral and Commodore as to what place it was intended to attack.

On their way to Sidon the ships were met by the Hydra war-steamer, which was on her return from Tyre with Admiral Walker.* The latter, on hearing from the Commodore his contemplated object, at once determined to accompany him.

In order better to explain proceedings, I shall attempt an outline of Sidon. The town, for the most part, is built upon an eminence inclining upwards from the sea. It is very circumscribed for the number of houses which it contains, and the streets, to a greater degree than in most other Eastern places, are narrow, numerous, and confused. It is enclosed on three sides within a wall of considerable height, but upon which the interior has so much encroached as to leave little or no intervening space.

* Admiral Walker had proceeded the day before to Tyre, in order to examine the town, and to see whether, if necessary, it was adapted for the lodgement of troops.

The largest gate in the line of wall is toward the north side, near the sea, and capable of stout defence. From that quarter, the town is approached from a broad and smooth beach. Towards the south, Sidon rises from the level country by a short but steep ascent, where is a small citadel—an old work, of little strength. On the sea-front there is no wall, but the houses are built in a regular and compact manner; a reef of rocks also extends opposite, and, at the time I speak of, intrenchments had been constructed there to oppose a landing. A castellated fort, of considerable size, projects at the same portion about 100 feet into the sea, and is connected with the town by a bridge. At the land-end of the bridge, a large well-built barrack additionally defends the shore.

The sailing-ships were towed in by the steamers from the offing, and placed in the positions assigned for them by the Commo-

dore. The Cyclops, Gorgon, and Hydra, anchored close to the fort, or northern portion. The other ships extended from thence, in a southerly direction, and in such a manner that their force was opposed to the south-west quarter of the town.

The attack was arranged in three different directions simultaneously, The first, consisting of 500 marines, to assault on the north side from the beach; the second, of 500 Turks, to enter the town (after occupying the sea-fort) by the bridge, or north-west side; and the third, of 100 Austrians and 280 marines, to attack at the opposite, or south-western quarter.

The following peremptory summons was sent to the Governor, and as peremptorily refused :—

"*Her Britannic Majesty's Steam-ship Gorgon, September 26th.*

"Sir, — In the name of the five united powers, Turkey, England, Austria, Russia,

and Prussia, I demand that you immediately declare for the Sultan your master. Pardon for past offences will be granted, and the arrears of pay to the troops paid by the Sultan.

"(Signed)

"CHARLES NAPIER, Commodore."

"*To the Governor of Sidon.*"

Fire was then opened, directed against the sea-fort and north front of the town generally. After the fire had been continued for about half-an-hour, a breach in the fort was effected, and the line of houses and works considered sufficiently shattered to enable the first column of attack to occupy their position. The 500 Turks who had previously rendezvoused round the Cyclops, were then conveyed in the boats of the squadron to the sea-fort. A heavy fire, however, followed from the enemy, who had not been altogether dislodged

from the intrenchments in the vicinity; but the Turks, dashing into the breach, which was a little above the water's edge, and also by a neighbouring *entre-port*, easily occupied the place.

Admiral Walker and Captain Austin, the latter of whom had charge of the landing, were amongst those who accompanied the Turkish soldiers; but that battalion was more immediately under command of Captain Laué, a Prussian artillery officer in the service of the Porte. A trait of individual merit in the enemy, perhaps worthy of mention, has been related to me by one of those officers. During the early part of the hour in which the Turks were waiting until the other two columns should alike be prepared for the onset, the musketry from on shore continued to pour in at every outlet or crevice any way exposed; but after a quarter of an hour, the shot and shell of the shipping more and more took effect, until

at length the intrenchments and buildings were deserted, nearly *en masse*, by the enemy. Two individuals, however, remained, who having chosen a favourable position amongst the ruins continued throughout to maintain fire. The heavy missiles of the ship, as well as the musketry of the Turks, fell around the brave opponents in every direction; but, remaining unhurt, they did not flinch from their posts. My informant, prompted by curiosity, examined with his glass the spot from whence this solitary opposition proceeded. He saw but a small portion of two negro woolly heads, behind the stock of their muskets, whilst instantly after firing, they were both again under cover. It has often been remarked, that the blacks compose the bravest portion of Egyptian soldiery, and this incident so far corroborates it.

The bombardment had continued about an hour, when the marines of the Stromboli

and the Austrians, at the head of whom was their Imperial Prince, were landed by Commander Mansel of the Wasp, at the south-west side of the town. The position which that party had to occupy was one which exposed the assailants to greater immediate danger than any other. They suffered under a sharp fire from a steep acclivity, in which were a number of small houses, strongly occupied by the enemy. Lieutenant Hockin, R.M., newly arrived in the Stromboli, was at that time killed. He was much respected.

In unison with the latter manœuvre, the main body of 500 marines were landed on the northern beach, under command of the Commodore. Their disembarkation was effected by Captain Henderson, of the Gorgon, who subsequently accompanied them. Having been formed into companies, they were made to move in quick time upon the portion of Sidon directly opposite. At the

same moment, the two other columns were rushing to the attack.

The Turks, at their onset from the fort, were shewn an inspiriting example by the officers who accompanied them. Amongst the foremost was Admiral Walker, who, pointing onwards with his sword, cheered them in their progress over the bridge. He was accompanied by Mr. Cummins, then a mate of the Cyclops, and followed by Captain Austin and Captain Laué, all highly gallant in their conduct. That party then gained possession of the large barracks at the foot of the bridge, from whence they fired upon the enemy in the neighbouring houses, but who were not dislodged without obstinate contest.

Meantime the Commodore, and a large party of marines, broke into the barracks from the outer side. From thence the chief leader proceeded, with his men, skirting the eastern wall, to the upper gate of the town ;

and, having burst it open, seized the citadel. The Commodore, then ascending one of the turrets, held aloft his cap upon the point of his sword as a sign of conquest; and the ships immediately answered the signal with three hearty cheers. Leaving a guard in the citadel, he again descended, with the rest of the marines; and skirmishing with parties of the Egyptian soldiers, ultimately formed a junction again with the Turkish battalion. A sharp and rapid struggle then ensued with the enemy in the narrow streets, and which ended in a number of the latter being taken prisoners.

The different attacking parties, Turkish, British, and Austrian, now soon became further subdivided, and the contest was pursued by each throughout most of the streets of the city. The Commodore, in the short despatch which he wrote upon the occasion, mentions that those he met with were easily driven back, and, "finally," he says, "took

refuge in a vaulted barrack, where we found upwards of 1000 men lying ready for a sortie, should occasion offer, or to lay down their arms should they be discovered; and the latter was their fate."

The enemy in most other parts seemed equally panic-stricken, and at a loss as to the conduct they should pursue. Captain Laué related to me that, accompanied by Mr. Cummins, he was proceeding with about fifty Turks along one of the principal streets, and where, in consequence of the continued firing of his soldiery, it was impossible to see distinctly more than a few yards in front, when suddenly the heavy tramp of a large body of troops was heard approaching in a neighbouring street, and which met the one they were in at a right angle. Fifty was the utmost number of Turks present, but Mr. Cummins at once proposed to maintain his ground, until Captain Laué should hasten back and bring up a rein-

forcement. Hardly had the Captain returned with a few additional Turks, than the enemy presented themselves; and great was the surprise of the officers, when, instead of receiving fire, they saw dimly through the previous smoke the ranks of the Egyptians, thickly serried, *but with their arms grounded!* The ready presence of mind of a Turkish soldier completed their good fortune, before the enemy could discover the small number they were about to surrender to. Advancing to the Egyptian ranks, the soldier commanded them in the name of the Sultan to lay down their arms and face about; assuring them that a large amount of force, hidden by the smoke, was opposed to them. That counsel, being in accordance with their previous intentions, was at once obeyed; and marching before the few Turks, it was found that a whole battalion had been captured by their own fears and the courage and wit of their opponents.

The good generalship, self-possession, and confidence, wanting in the enemy, were possessed in an eminent degree by their attackers: what could result, but that the one must be defeated and the other victorious?

In five hours from the commencement of the bombardment (and which ceased immediately the two last columns landed), Sidon was in entire possession of the Sultan's troops. This achievement of storming, with 900 allies and 500 Turks, a town protected by a fort and citadel, and a line of wall defended by 2700 men (who were all taken prisoners), must ever be regarded as of no mean merit. It places the Commodore in a highly favourable point of view, when we consider how comprehensive and correct were the views which actuated his conduct. The energy, too, with which he carried out the enterprise, was of a stamp rarely equalled.

The loss on the allied side was four killed, and twenty-one wounded. The Turks were still more fortunate, having none killed, and only one wounded.

The commandant of the place, whose defensive measures were evidently faulty, and the cause of its comparatively easy capture, deserves, nevertheless, as a personally brave soldier, his memory to be respected. He was at the head of a large detachment of his troops when they surrendered, and although previously wounded by a bullet, used in vain every means of exhortation and example to prevent their disgrace. He died with two marine bayonets at his breast, fiercely refusing quarter. We can feel for the shame, which must have actuated the conduct of a brave man, at such a moment.

I shall quote from the Commodore's despatch the honourable mention made of other individuals :—

"I have much reason to be satisfied

with the conduct of the captains, officers, and men under my orders; all shewed the greatest zeal; English, Austrian, and Turks, vied with each other. Commander Mansel is an old officer, well deserving of promotion; Messrs. M'Guire and Price, old mates, are both severely wounded, and behaved most gallantly; as did Mr. Cummins, mate of the Cyclops, whose conduct was seen by Capt. Berkeley, who wrote him a strong letter on the occasion, and I trust their Lordships will promote them. My aide-de-camp, Lieut. Bradley, was also forward on all occasions. The Archduke Frederick placed his ship well, and kept up an excellent fire.

"Walker Bey, Turkish rear-admiral, who was there by accident, was the first who advanced along the causeway. My thanks are due to the Hon. Capt. Berkeley, who assisted me on all occasions, as well as Captains Henderson and Austin, Commanders Robinson and Williams, and to the

captain of the Turkish corvette; to Capt. Morison, who commanded the marine battalion; and to Capt. Whylock, who commanded the marine detachment. I am also much indebted to Capt. Laué, of the Prussian service, who is attached to my staff."

When the usual award of gallantry, mentioned in the public despatch, became to be considered after the capture, it was found that, as respected the esteemed point of placing the flag first on the walls, there was more than one applicant for the honour. The Commodore says, " It has come to my knowledge that there was a complete race between Mr. Hunt, midshipman of the Stromboli, and Signor Chinca, midshipman of the Austrian frigate Guerriera, who should first place the colours in the part of the town they were landed." Certainly not wishing to detract from the merits of either of those gentlemen, I still am myself inclined to believe, from the concurrent evi-

dence of several witnesses, that a union-jack flag was previously planted on the same spot by Lieut. Anderson, of the Marines, and subsequently removed by him to a higher portion of the town; a fact which, on being reported by the Captain of his company, did not come to the Commodore's notice until after his despatch had been forwarded. The midshipman, however, for his gallant "race" in honour of his country, well deserved the high reward which he subsequently received—that of being created Lieutenant by an order in council; but Lieut. Anderson, I think, has at least an equal claim for distinction.

I have now given a sketch of the capture of Sidon, collected from official authorities and the recital of friends engaged in the affair; but not having been present on that occasion, have contented myself with a mere outline of proceedings, in—as far as my humble ability would allow—a military

style. After that description appeared in the "United Service Journal," a talented and esteemed friend, Mr. Andrew Doyle, who was present in the capacity of a "T. G."* like myself (during the early part of operations), shewed me an account written by him a day or two after the attack, and sent to the "Chronicle" newspaper. Without other considerations, my motto in such matters being that trite though useful one among literary men, *suum cuique*, it would have been my duty to have noticed Mr. Doyle's previous, and highly interesting, description; and I would certainly have done so in the primary text had it met my eye before. At present it requires no apology in offering it entire to

* "T. G." (abbreviated, I believe, from *travelling gentleman*) a term universally employed in the navy to designate the errant class of their countrymen who occasionally become their visitors. So much for neology!

the reader, who will not regret the task of going over the story again, when told from Mr. Doyle's pen.

"In about two hours the ships opened fire, and it was only after they had been thundering away for an hour or so that we could form some estimate of the strength of the place. Shot and shell fell upon it as thick as hailstones, without either making any very visible impression upon the walls, or enabling us to catch a glimpse of the red fez of a single soldier. At about one o'clock, however, a breach was made in the sea wall of the fort, while at nearly the same time one of the terrific broadsides of the Thunderer swept in the whole side of the outer barrack square. Between the smoke of the guns and the dust of tumbling walls it was impossible to see whether soldiers were retreating from the barrack or not. At all events, a signal was made to land the Turkish troops, and Captain Aus-

tin, of the Cyclops, was directed to attempt the breach. The launches, pinnaces, and boats of the different ships, with about 1400 of the Turks, immediately put off under the protection of a continuous fire.

"When the boats reached the shore, the ships necessarily ceased firing; and, before a single soldier could set his foot on land, a heavy fire of musketry was opened upon them from the barracks and buildings in the neighbourhood. The fire was returned from the guns of the launches, while all the boats pulled steadily in upon the shore, although the shot passed through some of them. It is due to the Turks to say, that, although two of them were shot dead in the boats, not a man of the whole body flinched from the landing. Had I not seen (although at a safe distance) the cool courage of the English blue-jackets, I could not have believed that a union of personal bravery and perfect discipline could have

brought men to perform such duties with such steadiness and determination.

"While they were engaged in their perilous task of landing the troops, Commodore Napier, in one of the Gorgon's boats, had got under the breach. When my attention was first called to this point, he was nearly up to his arm-pits in water, making a scaling ladder of the shoulders of his boat's crew. He succeeded in mounting, but had scarcely time to look in, before a discharge of musketry from an opposite building obliged him to abandon the attempt. The troops from the boats, however, through a small aperture, were entering one by one from the opposite side, the guns from the launches and the sailors still keeping up a protecting fire. A scaling ladder was also thrown up the breach, by which a considerable number of the troops effected an entrance at that point. Within half an hour the fort was in the possession of the Sultan's

troops. Colonel Laué and Lieutenant Wemyss (of the Cyclops's marines) immediately turned one of the guns of the fort upon the opposite building, and by thus checking the fire of musketry considerably facilitated the landing of the remainder of the troops. While the Turkish soldiers were thus occupied in taking possession of the fort, the ships continued their fire upon the barracks, and upon the fortress which commands the whole town. The fort, thus occupied, may be said to be the centre, as nearly as possible, of the attack; and while it was making the marines were landed at both extremes—from the Gorgon on the right, and from the Stromboli and the Austrian frigate on the left. Those from the Gorgon immediately formed on the beach, and, having sent skirmishers into the wood by which it is bordered, marched upon the barrack, Commodore Napier accompanying them. It was arranged that the attack

upon the barrack and the neighbouring buildings occupied by the Egyptians should be made simultaneously by the marines from the right, and the troops from the fort. This fort, as I remarked in a former letter, is connected with the barrack by a narrow causeway or bridge, which was fully exposed to the fire of the enemy. It was a trying service for any body of men to attempt to cross it.

"One of the mates of the Cyclops, Mr. Cumming, volunteered to lead the Turks, and he fully succeeded in inspiring them with a portion of his own intrepid spirit. They undauntedly followed their young and dashing leader—some of them over the bodies of their fallen comrades. The whole force, directed by Captain Austin, Colonel Laué, and Walker Bey, moved quickly after them. They were immediately accompanied by the marines (led by Captain Morison); and, after a brief but severe strug-

gle, the barrack was evacuated, the main body of the Egyptians retreating up a narrow arched street. From a large house opposite to the barrack the firing was still continued. The leader of the Egyptian force, Hassan Bey, headed a sortie from this house; and having three different times fired upon the marines, he himself fell, having received three musket-balls through the body. No man could have served a cause with more desperate fidelity. From one of the prisoners it was subsequently ascertained, that this leader had cut down one of his own followers, who, at the last moment, attempted to hoist a white flag. Seeing the soldiers and marines in possession of the fort, the barrack, and the principal street, the Egyptians at this point offered no further resistance, and 1800 of them at once laid down their arms. They were immediately marched across the causeway into the fort.

"In the meantime the attack upon the extreme left was made by the marines of the Stromboli and of the Austrian frigate. The landing here was more difficult and more severely contested than on the right. About 280 marines, English and Austrian, were embarked in the boats of the different ships, and, after a very heavy cannonading had apparently cleared the way for them, pulled in to the shore. This part of the attack was under Lieutenant Russell of the Stromboli, who was accompanied by Mr. Chamberlayne, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Hunt, and about twenty of his ship's crew. The marines were led by Captain Whylock and Lieutenant Hocking. There was some little difficulty in landing, owing to the surf. During the time the men were leaving the boats they were exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, by which some of them were severely wounded. As soon as they formed, they rushed up a steep sandy declivity lead-

ing to the breach through which they were to enter the town. Poor Hocking! while cheering on the marines, a few yards in advance of them, received a mortal wound. The men continued, vying with each other to reach the walls first. An Austrian marine had the unfortunate glory, and was shot dead in the breach, which was immediately carried. The object of this division was to gain the fortress, which commands the whole town from an eminence almost in the centre. The attacking party fought their way gallantly through the streets, firing up into the houses upon their assailants, and in less than an hour their flag was floating from the fortress. The rigging of the ships was immediately manned, and three inspiriting cheers announced the complete success of the attack."

Mr. Doyle's description of the condition of Sidon on the night after its capture, and the circumstances attending it, are alike

interesting and important. (However unseemly the length of these quotations may appear, I consider that I cannot, in justice to my narrative, curtail them.)

"Although the officers of the marines and of the ships made every exertion to prevent pillage, yet, taken as the town was by assault, it was impossible altogether to restrain the victorious soldiers. A new house, just finished, and splendidly furnished by Solyman Pacha, was completely gutted, and the valuable furniture destroyed. Even to Egyptian prisoners, however, I did not hear of a single act of personal violence.

"About nightfall a large house adjoining the barrack was discovered to be on fire. The flames spread very rapidly, and it was for a moment feared that the Turks or the mountaineers, who had kept pouring into the town through the evening, were wreaking a dreadful vengeance upon the prison

ers. The fire was purely accidental. In a little time after it broke out I went ashore and inspected the buildings around. Some of the shells which had been thrown upon this point in such destructive abundance, must have lain smouldering amongst the wood-work, and hence the conflagration that ensued. It required not, God knows, this accidental fire to make of this quarter of the town one of the most horrible scenes it is possible to imagine. The struggle which had taken place concluded at too late an hour to permit of the removal of the dead or the wounded.

" In order to reach the town from the landing-point, it was necessary to scramble over immense piles of ruin, to which the blazing building beside them just gave distinctness enough to guide one through the *pêle-mêle* of soldiers, prisoners, groups of people (of what class I could not tell) rifling the dead, dogs prowling about in flocks,

the whole way covered with guns, broken swords, knapsacks, cartouche-boxes, heaps of shot, property of every description — the whole presenting a scene of devastation and confusion that was truly appalling. And yet the excesses were fewer and far less aggravated than might have been expected from the customary license of such triumphs.

" Captain Austin (attended by Mr. Cumming) and Captain Laué remained on shore all night; and it was gratifying to see that before ten o'clock nearly all the troops were in quarters, and nearly 600 of the prisoners already embarked. In the course of the evening I accompanied one of the officers into the town. Ibrahim had evidently made this place the dépôt for the southern division of his army. Every *okella*—every house, in fact, in the quarter — was full of stores, provisions in abundance, clothing, arms, and ammunition. The three or four streets through which we passed presented the

same evidences of the destructive effects of the firing from the ships. By the direction of the officers, the body of Hassan Bey was removed to a shed, and a sentinel placed beside it. Even in death you might trace the character of savage bravery that marked him through life. In his pockets were found some papers, most of them, however, illegible, having been torn by the shot or stained. The two following were preserved :—

"'*From his Excellency Solyman Pacha, at Beyrout, to Hassan Bey, Colonel of the 26th Regiment, at Sidon, 25 Regeb,* 1256 (*Sept.* 21, 1840).

"'His Highness Seraskier Ibrahim Pacha wishes you to leave Sidon this evening at dark with your regiment. March by easy stages to the village of Malagat-el-Damour, on the right of the road, where you will

pass the night and wait the next day, taking care to conceal all your soldiers in the houses, so that no person may be able to see their heads. In the evening, a little before dark, let two companies move from the village so as to make it appear they are marching to Beyrout. Two hours afterwards, when it is dark, let them rejoin their regiment, and with it march back to Sidon. On your arrival, order one battalion to sleep in the castle, and about midnight move them into the town. Address them as encouragingly as possible, and communicate this letter to the colonel of the 2d Regiment, who is at present in your town. That is all.'

"This letter seems to have been written immediately upon Solyman Pacha's having heard that the Cyclops had fired a few shots upon Sidon, and the object of the *ruse* was evidently to induce a belief that

the troops were leaving the town, and thus, perhaps, lead to an attack by a small force. The result, however, has been, that with the exception of about 150 men, the whole of the 26th regiment and a battalion of the 2d have been either killed or captured.

"The publication of the second letter is but an act of justice to the humanity of the French government, whose present neutral position enables them to render such aid as that of placing a war-steamer at the service of one of the belligerents. The letter is dated the 25th of September:—

"'The French steamer goes to Sidon to take on board all my family. I pray you to give every facility to this matter, furnishing to the steamer every thing it may require, and with as little delay as possible. The great point is to do every thing as speedily as possible.

"'I also send you an order to the go-

vernor of your town to give the necessary provision of barley for my four horses, in order that they may leave the town immediately, under the care of my good groom, El Hannaby. That is all.'

" The French steamer the Castor, which is, I suppose, '*the* French steamer' alluded to, left Alexandria about ten days ago on this becoming mission; and, being obliged to send ashore for the purpose of taking Solyman Pacha's family, could not of course prevent the landing of a military officer in the Pacha's service, who had been a passenger from Alexandria, and a considerable sum of money sent by Mehemet Ali. Indeed, I have been a good deal struck with the general simplicity of the French naval officers who are watching over the interests of their country in this part of the world. On the 20th, while the steamer was firing upon Sidon, the captain of the corvette

La Brillante suggested that the large building adjoining the fort should be spared, as it was an hospital crowded with sick. (Only shift the scene from Sidon to Jaffa, and what historical justice in this interference of a French officer in behalf of the inmates of a Syrian hospital!) It was very gratifying to find, however, that these humane apprehensions were unfounded, for the hospital turned out to be a barrack, loop-holed and fortified—the strongest and most dangerous position held by the Egyptians. The mistake of the French captain probably arose from the real hospital being at the other end of the town."

On the 2d October a most daring exploit was performed by Commander Worth, of the Hastings, and a party of officers and seamen, in the face of the enemy, at the sea-fort of Beyrout,—an affair which, for hardy courage, perhaps surpasses any thing achieved on the coast. It was as follows:—

On the previous evening two soldiers from amongst the Egyptian troops in Beyrout, deserted to the Hastings line-of-battle ship, which, with the Edinburgh, was lying before the town. These men stated that a train had been connected with a large quantity of powder (about 200 barrels) in the sea-fort, and professed themselves so well acquainted with the circumstances as even to assist, if necessary, in cutting it off. An attempt to that effect, therefore, was at once determined, in order to frustrate the design of the enemy, whatever it might be.

The motives of the Egyptians, in wishing to destroy such a large quantity of powder, are difficult to conjecture. It must either have been from fear that the powder would otherwise ultimately fall into the possession of the allies (no scarce article with them, however!), or that in event of an attack being made upon the fort, which was to be expected, they might be able signally to

effect its destruction and that of the attackers. This explanation is no less difficult than is that of the design of their opponents in attempting to thwart the project. As regards the latter, one might almost suppose that extreme danger was the principal recommendation, combined with a desire of teaching the adversary that if he determined one thing they would determine another. If he wished to destroy his own ammunition they would do it for him (for the destruction of the powder was determined even after the mine should be cut off), or, failing in the former, if he wished to explode a magazine under them, perhaps that day week, they would, at least, so far inconvenience him as to compel him to do so at the present moment. But to proceedings.

Commander Worth and Lieut. Schomberg started with three boats from the Hastings, and were further reinforced by two others, under Lieutenants Clarke and

Hawker of the Edinburgh. The ships then opened fire, to engage the attention of the enemy. The Edinburgh's boats, with their guns in, lay off shore, covering Commander Worth's descent. The latter immediately landed under guidance of the deserters, when the train was readily found, and *severed.* Hardly had that manœuvre been effected, when the disconnected end was fired by the enemy. Breaking then into the fort, the party stowed away in the boats as many as possible of the powder-barrels, after which they commenced to throw the rest into the sea. The enemy, however, soon congregated in such numbers in the vicinity, that it became necessary to retire; which was effected in the most perfect order. In all, *thirty-two* of the powder-cases were brought off, and about *eighty* destroyed. Three of the party were wounded, and one killed. Mr. Luscomb, a young

gentleman of much promise, fell on that occasion.

A few days after the above, a similar descent was repeated by Commander Hastings of the Edinburgh. Commander Worth was present as a volunteer. The ships and boats again covered the attack, and the party entered by a breach in the side of the fort, exposed to a sharp fire of musketry from on shore. They again succeeded in destroying a large quantity of the powder, and did not retire until nightfall. One only of the party was wounded—none killed; whilst from the fire of the ships and boats a great number of the enemy is said to have fallen.

At two o'clock the following morning the Egyptians, unwilling, it would seem, longer to permit the existence of such an unlucky bone of contention, blew up the fort.

In another affair which occurred to these

ships before Beyrout, the Egyptians had the advantage, and, in their turn, successfully *rused* their persecutors. They gained a prisoner—the only instance of the kind which befell the navy throughout its proceedings.

Very early one morning several Egyptian soldiers appeared at the rocks, a little outside of the town, and made signs to the ships that they wished to be taken on board. This was no unusual occurrence, deserters coming over daily, and a boat's crew was at once despatched. Upon the boat reaching the shore, one of the seeming deserters pretended to be very lame, and to be unable, without help, to come down to the water's edge, when three or four of the sailors at once jumped on shore in order to assist him. In an instant another party of the enemy, who were in ambush, presented themselves, and attempted to surround the seamen, but who, of course, shewed fight, retreating upon the boat. One only of their

number, being overpowered, was unable to reach his comrades, who, from the number of their attackers, were compelled to push off and seek their own safety. Thus poor Jack, sad to say, was in *limbo;* and his sorrowing messmates saw him marched up the town, having literally "fallen into the hands of the Egyptians."

Upon the matter being reported to the Admiral, he ordered a flag of truce to approach the town, and to request of Suleiman an exchange of prisoners, assuring the latter, that on the Admiral's side the exchange should greatly preponderate. But the Pacha politely refused, stating to the Commander-in-chief that he was prevented from acceding to his wish in consequence of a previous order from Ibrahim Pacha, who had given instructions that, in event of any prisoners being captured, they should not be exchanged; adding, however, that the sailor had already become a great favourite in his

(the Pacha's) house, and had made himself very comfortable. There the matter necessarily ended; but I know that on Jack's return, some months afterwards, he entertained a very different notion of the "comforts" he had enjoyed, to that which had been expressed by the Pacha. He had often, he said, been kindly treated by Suleiman personally: but, he said, "His people, the Turks and 'Jyptians, made me do all sorts of outlandish work; and there was always short allowance of victuals, *and no grog!*" Nay, Jack experienced during his bondage even a harder lot than the total want of grog; for the poor fellow was subsequently taken along with a part of the Egyptian army throughout their perilous and suffering retreat.

CHAPTER V.

BREAKING-UP OF THE CAMP — IBRAHIM'S DEFEAT AT CORNICHOVAHN — DEFECTION OF THE PRINCE OF LEBANON — NAVAL PROCEEDINGS.

Upon the morning of the 8th of October, an order was issued for the marines of the camp to embark in the fleet; and a little after sunset on the same day, they were all on board their respective ships. It had been determined by the Admiral to attack Suleiman Pacha, and, if possible, occupy Beyrout. The Commodore, consequently, was ordered to co-operate overland, at the head of the main body of Turks.

Suleiman had around him about 6000 troops, including some cavalry; and two

other bodies of the enemy additionally defended Beyrout. The one, that of Osman Pacha, who still occupied the high chain of Lebanon immediately above the town, but had been considerably driven in by the Druse mountaineers, under the new Emir Beschir (at Maroubey), — the other under Hassan Bey, whose force, however, was not supposed to be above 800 men.

The fleet arrived before Beyrout on the evening of the 9th. I was on board the English Admiral's ship. On the same night Suleiman, with his army, evacuated the town. Two thousand of those troops subsequently approached the walls, and surrendered themselves prisoners; and it was found that the enemy, in their precipitate retreat, had left behind the whole of their tent-equipage, with a park of twenty-six mounted field-pieces.

Events fell out with the Commodore as

unexpectedly as they had done with the Admiral; for whilst, with the one, the town of Beyrout was evacuated, with the other, on the same day, he found himself a few hundred yards from an opposite body of the enemy, at the head of whom was Ibrahim Pacha. But the issues on both sides were destined to be equally fortunate.

The Commodore, in unison with the previous scheme of attack, had directed the new Emir Beschir to meet him with a body of mountaineers at the village of Cornichovahn, on the heights of Lebanon; as it offered a favourable point for reunion, and also for subsequent descent into the plains near Beyrout. The place was early occupied by a Turkish battalion; and on the 8th, General Jochmus had advanced with four more battalions.* The Com-

* Various bodies of the enemy had for some time before been in the vicinity of those heights, more

modore reached the heights on the morning of the 9th; but there was no appearance of the Emir, although he had promised to be there on the previous day. All eyes were anxiously directed to the route, along which lay the path of the mountain chief; when, towards mid-day, instead of the Emir—lo! a large body of Egyptians were seen advancing in that direction, and who immediately attacked the Turkish outposts. The Commodore was not the man to flinch upon such an alarm. The drum beat cheerily to arms. Half a battalion only were in advance, and another half in the village; the remainder of

especially on the higher range of Calat-Meidan. Any attack, however, on them was not, I believe, the ostensible intention of the Commodore in his projected movement, as had been put forward by others: indeed, the nature of the country, and the scattered condition of the enemy, made it impossible for such a determination to be laid down.

the Turks were considerably in the rear. The second half battalion he sent to the assistance of the first, and the enemy shortly turned round. Upon examination of the matter, it was seen that the Egyptians had occupied three positions, one after the other, and each higher than the first. Several deserters, who were gained a little while afterwards, stated that Ibrahim Pacha was on the spot, and with him about 2500 troops.

It will be necessary, before entering on the story of the morrow, to describe, if possible, its localities. I shall do so, as in other instances, from personal examination; but the task is not an easy one.

Ascending from Jouni for several miles, you reach Cornichovahn, which, from below, appears as the summit of the range. The ascent has been in an easterly direction, with your back, of course, to the sea. On reaching the village, it is found

situate at the termination of a lower line of hills. From that height you look down, in a northerly direction, over the expanse of the neighbouring country; first upon the mountainous course of Dog River, and beyond that upon the Cape of Beyrout; the sea at the same time skirting the horizon.* Ascending about one hundred yards from the village, you gain more completely the ridge of mountain; and there, at its abrupt termination, is a small convent, from whence the view I have mentioned is seen to the greatest advantage. Opposite (towards the north) extends a route leading far along the range of hills: in that direction Ibrahim Pacha approached. We will now further examine it. Quitting the convent, with the village of Cornichovahn a little

* This summit is called the Heights of Ardahley (Ardalli), and those immediately above it are called Calat-Meidan.

below on the left, you proceed along the ridge or road in question; whilst at each side is a deep declivity, the left being that which we ascended from Jouni. Beyond the declivity on the right, a fresh line of high hill ascends (distant about 600 yards), and running parallel with the road we are upon. Proceeding for about a quarter of a mile, a rugged rock, in height about fifty feet, extends to the right, and obstructs the road. This you surmount by a broad path, which runs half way round the rock, and here was the first position of Ibrahim Pacha. A plateau, sixty feet in breadth, and of long extent, crowns the eminence; at the end of which an unobstructed passage leads to the village of Beckfiyah, seen about three miles farther to the northward. The spot commands entirely the road along which we have approached. Rocks, the height of a man, shelter the whole of its front; at the same

time that it affords, within a level and sheltered space, sufficient to contain easily 500 men in reserve. The circuitous path leading from below is the only position requiring much defence; since a few resolute men might easily obstruct the other rugged ascent. The first position blocks up the ravine which extends on the left; and a steep ascent leads from it to the higher hill, where, a little way up, is another plateau, still more difficult of approach; and beyond that, on the summit, a third, which is almost inaccessible. These were the three positions in which Ibrahim Pacha was posted: the second, 600 paces behind the first; and the third, 800 behind the second. The plateau on the third was sufficiently large to contain many thousand men.

Six battalions and two cannon were united in Cornichovahn (a battalion, composed of previous deserters from the ene-

my, had come up from Jouni the same day). The Commodore considered that the Egyptian positions were too strong to warrant him in an attack from below, unless, at the same time, a diversion could be made upon their rear. Orders were consequently issued for two battalions from Jouni, under Omar Bey, to depart secretly for that purpose during the night. It was expected that the desired manœuvre might take place by the 10th, at noon. Intelligence was received in the course of the day of the Emir Beschir having crossed the Dog River. He was directed to march farther on the rear of the enemy, and there to join with Omar Bey's battalions.

The enemy had posted an advanced piquet on the opposite height, overlooking Cornichovahn; and early on the morning of the 10th, General Jochmus was ordered to advance with a battalion against it, in order to reconnoitre the force of the enemy

in its vicinity. That intention, although set on foot, was very imperfectly carried into effect.

At 2 P.M., on the 10th, firing was at length heard in the rear of the enemy; and the Commodore, who was in Cornichovahn, directly rode in advance, and ordered the attack. At that moment, by some misunderstanding, never rightly cleared up, the two battalions which had been intended as reserve in the village moved upon the enemy's opposite piquet, which had been desired to be reconnoitred in the morning. The Commodore, having joined the four battalions which were in advance, with several hundred armed mountaineers, ordered that one of these battalions should move upon the first position of the enemy; and that the mountaineers should, at the same time, make a *détour*, and attack it on the *left* flank. The command of this battalion charged with the onset was in-

trusted to Captain Laué, who was attached to the Commodore's personal staff; but at the moment it had commenced its advance in close order along the ridge, General Jochmus (then a Ferik-Pacha, or General of Division in the Turkish service) came up from the rear, and, in right of his rank, placed himself at the head.* Very shortly that column lost courage, and instead of ascending the first position in close companies, as had been intended, broke *en tirailleur;* when the most advanced sheltered themselves behind some walls and a ruined house, at the base of the enemy's position, firing upwards; and the rest remained stationary in a long line along the ridge, extending for several hundred yards.

Meantime fire was opened on both sides,

* General Jochmus at that time returned from accompanying the two columns which made the unauthorised movement towards the enemy's opposite piquet.

whilst that of the enemy extended over the greater portion of the Turks' position. The same instructions which had been given to the *first* battalion were now instantly issued to the *second,* but alike unfruitfully, and only tending to increase the line of stragglers. The *third* battalion was then sent, and the *fourth,* but with the same results. Thus had all four battalions been despatched, and hitherto not one soldier had placed his foot on the enemy's position.

At this time an officer, who had been despatched to bring up the two reserve battalions in Cornichovahn, returned and informed the Commodore, that they were no longer there. It was a moment of extreme danger, which tested the prompt and sterling qualities of the leader. There were no fresh troops for him to lead on, but only a long quadrupled line of confused soldiery, extending between him and the enemy,—men already suffering under a depression similar

to that of defeat. Yet the Commodore's conduct was decisive. Advancing with his personal staff, and further accompanied by Colonel Hodges, who was there as a spectator, and by Selim Pacha, he, by menaces and example, compelled the readiest soldiers he met to move along with him; by which means some 300 Turks were literally *driven on* to the attack. Wherever one wavered, or was dilatory, he would *stone* or threaten him; and once, in the anger of the moment, at an individual so offending, presented a musket; the piece missed fire, and the next moment was taken out of his hand by Colonel Hodges. *Thus was the enemy's first position carried.* With the first few who reached the summit, the Egyptians precipitately fled, and many were taken prisoners; while the remainder sheltered themselves in the higher second position. From the latter, however, a galling fire was poured in upon the newly-con-

quered ground. For some time the party kept under cover behind the rocks, where they were soon reinforced by large numbers of the Turks. The Commodore and officers then rapidly led the way across the exposed plateau to the ascent of the second position. One volley only was discharged at the assailants, when the panic of the Egyptians being no longer controllable, a universal *déroute* took place. Ibrahim Pacha was distinctly seen, escaping on horseback from the second position, attended by several other mounted officers. The Commodore lifted his cap to the Pacha, and received from him an equally polite salutation.

The Turks were now rushing in great numbers upon the enemy's forsaken ground. The battalion of Egyptian deserters, still wearing the white jacket, were the most valiant in pursuit. On the latter reaching the third position they saw Omar Bey's

troops, who had then only advanced, and mistaking them for a body of the enemy, opened fire from behind a line of breast-work which they found thrown up; the Turks, under an equally mistaken idea that it was the enemy, fired also upon them. Fortunately the Commodore arrived at the moment, and enlightened both parties; when there ended the firing of that day.

The major portion of the enemy were now fast retreating, inland, over the mountains: 500 altogether were taken prisoners. The trophies gained were a camp arm-chair of the Pacha's (in the second position), and a green Turkish standard, which had been lost at the battle of Nezib — the latter sufficiently appropriate of the occasion.*

* *Speech made by Viscount Ponsonby to the Sultan, when he delivered to his Majesty the Sacred Standard taken by the Turkish Troops from Ibrahim Pacha.*

"SIRE,—I solicited the honour of being admitted to the presence of your Imperial Majesty, that I might

The first position was found to have consisted of about 400 men, the second of about 1500, and the third of about 500. The loss on the Turkish side was very inconsiderable.

The above account materially differs, I am aware, from that put forth in the Commodore's official despatch. I have not, however, lightly taken upon myself such a heavy responsibility. The Commodore's description is evidently most hastily composed, and hence gives but a very imperfect

lay at the foot of your Majesty's throne the standard taken in battle by your Majesty's valiant troops, and sent to me from the officer who had the happiness to direct the actions of those brave men in the glorious combat of the 10th of October.

" A few weeks since, some rebellious subjects of your Majesty boasted that this standard should be displayed before the capital of your empire. The standard is now here; a monument of the triumph of your Majesty's arms, and an evidence of the error of those who proclaimed the weakness of the Sublime Porte, and the power of the late Pacha of Egypt."

detail of proceedings; nay, we might imagine from it that the engagement occurred on the 9th, instead, as it really did, on the 10th of October! In this point of view I am induced to rely implicitly upon the information I have employed, more especially as it was collected from sources alike deserving of every credit and respect.

I subjoin the whole of the Commodore's despatch.*

"*Powerful, D'jounie Bay, 13th October.*

"Sir,—After the great advantages gained by the Emir Beschir over Osman Pacha, at Marouba, it became necessary to move on Solyman Pacha, defeat him, and obtain possession of Beyrout. I, in consequence, directed the Emir Beschir to join me on the heights of Ornschojouen on the 9th inst., and on the 8th General Jochmus

* For the despatch of General Jochmus on the same subject, see Appendix (A).

marched with four battalions, and was followed the day after by the Arab battalion, composed of the Turkish and Egyptian deserters. On the 9th, two steam-boats anchored in St. George's Bay, with a Turkish and marine battalion ready to disembark when necessary; and at nine in the morning I arrived on the heights, and found that our piquets had been driven in by an enemy we did not expect in that quarter. A Turkish battalion and the mountaineers sent them back; and on reconnoitring I found to my surprise between 2000 and 3000 men in a position that appeared unassailable. No time was to be lost, as the deserters assured me they expected a reinforcement of 2000 men the next morning. My own position was strong, being on a long narrow range of hills; my left almost inaccessible, and my right protected by a deep gorge, at the head of which the hills on which I was posted, after a considerable

descent, turned off to the right. This part of the hill the enemy occupied in force, amongst rugged and apparently inaccessible rocks. A road, considerably below the top of the mountain, wound round it. Above the first position there was a second still stronger, and above that again a third. In the course of the day I learned that the Emir Beschir had crossed Dog River, and arrived at Beskintee, in the enemy's rear. I desired him to continue his march; and I directed Omar Bey, who had been left with four battalions in our lines, to march at night with two on Argostoun, descend into the deep gorge of Dog River with great caution and secrecy, and cross over to Beckfega in the rear of the enemy, and effect a junction with the Emir Beschir. This movement was executed with great skill by Omar Bey, and about two o'clock we were delighted to hear a firing in the enemy's rear. By this time the other two

Turkish battalions, who were ordered from our lines, were in sight, and another that I had passed over the gorge on our right was rapidly advancing on the enemy's left. All being prepared to the best of my ability, I directed the armed peasantry to throw themselves among the rocks, and advance on the enemy; and two Turkish battalions and the Arabs were held in readiness to march along the winding road. The peasantry took a long circuit on the enemy's left, and advanced unseen to the heights without firing a shot.

"A Turkish battalion now advanced *en tirailleur* in front, which they did with caution, but great gallantry,under a very heavy fire; and as they advanced, they unexpectedly found much good cover under the rocks. A second battalion was directed to advance along the road in columns, headed by General Jochmus, but they broke into skirmishing parties. The Arab battalion was then ad-

vanced up in column, but they also broke into skirmishers; and the whole advanced with so much rapidity, that I thought it best to keep my last battalion in reserve to cover their retreat in case of disaster.

"This was a most anxious time, for our success depended on the steadiness of the Turks when they came in contact with the enemy on the top of the hill: but it was soon over; the moment the hill was crowned the firing ceased, and the Egyptians laid down their arms. The reserve was now brought up, and the battalion which had crossed the gorge was making great progress on the enemy's left. A heavy fire was kept up from the second position, and I succeeded in getting the troops to make a second attack. The example of Selim Pacha, General Jochmus, and the Turkish officers, who all behaved well, brought them up again, and in less than half an hour it became a complete rout, the enemy leaving all their baggage,

ammunition, and provisions, in the second position. Night put an end to the pursuit. Ibrahim Pacha, who commanded, escaped with a few men, and the rest dispersed, leaving between 600 and 700 prisoners.

"On the heights, at the end of the battle, our Arab battalion, seeing a force coming forward, took them for the enemy, and placed themselves in position under a wall that had been thrown up to resist Omar Bey; he, on the other hand, took them for the enemy, and a sharp fire was opened on both sides. I, however, arrived in time to prevent mischief, which might have been serious. A green Turkish standard was taken. I have not been able to get the returns of the killed and wounded, but I believe it to be under fifty; that of the enemy, from their position, must have been less. The first effect of our forward movements, as you already know, has been the evacuation of Beyrout; the effect of our

victory over Ibrahim, the entire disorganisation and submission of the army of Soliman Pacha, to the amount of nearly 3000 men, and the whole of his artillery and stores.

"I landed at D'jouni on the 10th of September, with the army you did me the honour of putting under my command, consisting of 1500 Turkish troops and marines, which has from time to time been reduced to half that number; and by 10th October we have made about 5000 prisoners, and nearly 5000 deserters have come over. The whole of Lebanon is nearly free; Tripoli alone remains to be taken, which I am of opinion will be an easy conquest, if attacked immediately.

"It is now my pleasing duty to express to you, sir, how much reason I have to be satisfied with the conduct of Selim Pacha, General Jochmus, Omar Bey, and, indeed, all the Turkish officers. Lieutenant Bradley has accompanied me on all occasions, and

has been every where forward, and I beg strongly to recommend him for promotion. Mr. Pearse, the master of the Powerful, and my old companion in arms in Portugal, joined me as a volunteer; as did Lieutenant Duncan, whom I sent to lead the mountaineers. I was also much indebted to her Majesty's Consul-General, Lieutenant-colonel Hodges, who did me the honour of serving with me in this action. I have requested Selim Pacha to forward the names of the Turkish officers who particularly distinguished themselves, and which shall be forwarded as soon as possible. On giving up the command of the army to Sir Charles Smith, I beg to return my thanks to you for the confidence you have placed in me, and to assure you that I have spared no pains to render all the service in my power to the cause of the Sultan.

"I have, &c.

"C. NAPIER, Commodore.

"*Admiral Sir R. Stopford, &c.*

"P.S.—I forgot to mention that the Emir Beschir did not come up in time, but did good service in checking the reinforcement of 2000 men that were intended to join Ibrahim."

The favourable results of the "forward movements" were destined to be even more manifold than the Commodore, in the surmises of this despatch, expressed. Within a short succeeding period after the combat of Cornichovahn, we will see every portion of the Syrian coast, hitherto unoccupied, from Arabia Petræa to Asia Minor, wrested from the hands of the Egyptians. At the same time, its effects on the enemy in the interior were alike injurious. Ibrahim had lost the spell hitherto attached to his name—he could no longer be considered by his soldiery as personally invincible; he had been attacked and routed by nearly an equal number of men, and those composed solely of *Turks*,

whom he had ever affected utterly to despise. The consequences, also, of his divided and weak scheme of defence, still farther embarrassed him at that moment. The flower and bulk of his army were far away in the passes of the Taurus, and he was surrounded only by men driven in by defeat from the coast. The large interior towns, from whence he drew his principal provisions and supplies, required now the additional assistance of his troops to prevent their rebellion. Damascus, Homs, and Aleppo, at once shewed signs of open revolt. At this moment, also, he was forsaken by his former firmest adherent—the old Emir Beschir, who had watched, with a cautious eye, the influx of evil fortune; and at the moment when the scale turned, served himself by participation in the ranks of the opponents. Ibrahim, little less shrewd than the Emir, had, for a long time, seen symptoms of this defection. An officer on

the staff of the Pacha subsequently informed me, that spies were at that time placed round the person of the Emir, to watch strictly his correspondence; and timely to put him out of the way if intentions of secession were made evident. But that old man was too crafty thus to be entrapped; and the talents, which had often before supported his unjust master, were with equal effect employed against him in personal defence.

The Admiral secretly received from the Emir Beschir an offer on his part to join the Sultan's cause, and to employ therein the whole of his influence; on condition only that the former would give a written guarantee of safety for his property and person. This was at once accorded, and the Emir a few days afterwards appeared at Sidon, having safely brought with him his family and suite; moreover, what was of more importance in his estimation, a

large sum in money and in jewels. He was conveyed in a steamer from Sidon to the Admiral, who was before Beyrout, and was at once brought on board the flag-ship (Oct. 14th). As the result of his interview with the Commander-in-chief, he was shortly afterwards sent to Malta, with his property and family, where he desired an honourable asylum, which was granted; since he was forbidden to remain longer in Syria, a legitimate successor having previously been appointed.

It may be permitted me to depart for a moment from the theme of my narrative, in a further digression respecting the history and character of this hitherto little known, but remarkable man.

The old Emir Beschir was sovereign prince of Lebanon for a period of nearly fifty years. In that time he became mixed up with most of the important events that occurred in Syria; and, perhaps, late troubles, which

by popular discontent sprung up in the country, have been mainly owing to his agency. A member of the Shehab family, who for centuries have possessed the exclusive and acknowledged right of sovereignty in the Lebanon mountains, he all along managed to purchase and retain the friendship of those around him in Syria, superior to himself in authority—of the Pacha of Acre, to whom he was in several functions subordinate, whilst under the dominion of Turkey, and of Mehemet latterly, to whom in character he is much allied. He, moreover, with every change in political events, succeeded in shaping his course successfully for his own safety: his conduct at Sidon was but a part of the feature of his whole life. Nor is his history free from suspicion, which, if true, would stamp him with stains of a deeper die. The election of a prince, chosen indiscriminately from any member of the extensive Shehab family, is

nominally vested in the hands of the Pacha of Acre—in other words, the right of nomination rests with the Porte: and the first proof of the late Emir's talents was shewn in his gaining that nomination over several cousins, more powerful—nay, *richer*—than himself. It is said, and I believe truly, that the sons of his brother all died at the same time victims to the bold ambition of their relative. Such a deed would but be in keeping with the facts of his after history.

At the time when he became, as it is termed, Emir Beschir, that ancient hereditary chieftainship had lost most of its power and territory, and was then little else than a high name with useless prerogatives. Other Emirs and Sheikhs had assumed equally potent authority, and ruled arbitrarily within their own districts, dependent only on the Turks. Many of these were in Lebanon, but the most powerful was a Druse Sheikh, who commanded

in the more southern districts, and whose family—that of the Djonbelat—had progressively risen, as the Shehab had become depressed. Bitter feuds were naturally the frequent result of such a state of things.

It would appear that the Emir Beschir, by tact and sagacity, more than by force, was not long in extending his rule over the whole of its ancient limits. If he fought, he could also diplomatise (which in the East means *bribe*); and once seated over Lebanon, funds were supplied by fresh private imposts, heavily laid upon the peasantry. The system of the Miri, which prevailed under the early Turkish government (and from which the Egyptian scheme was borrowed), rendered such means the more available, by allowing him to collect taxes to any amount, without being accountable for them to the Porte, if her own irregular demands were satisfied. Yet, although

sordid in the extreme, he took care that the Porte, equally with himself, shared the spoils; and hence the depraved intelligence of his character, that, with a portion of his plunder, he ever purchased impunity for fresh exactions. When Burckhardt saw the Emir in 1810, he described his nominal territory as then extending from the Bellad Akkar (the mountain district between Tripoli and Baalbec) to near Acre, including the valley of the Bekaa (or plain between the two ranges of Lebanon), and the Djebel Essheikh portion of the Anti-Libanus. He continues, "The power of the Emir, however, is a mere shadow, the real government being in the hands of the Druse chief, Sheikh Beschir." That Sheikh was of the before-mentioned family of the Djonbelat. Burckhardt gives the following information respecting the history of this Druse:—

"About eighty years ago the country

was divided into the two great parties of Keisy, whose banner was red, and Yemeny, whose banner was white, and the whole Christian population ranged itself on the one side or the other. The Keisy gained, at length, the entire ascendency; after which none but secret adherents of the Yemeny remained, and the name itself was forgotten. Then arose the three sects of the Djonbelat, Yezbeky, and Neked. These still exist: thirty years ago the first two were equal; but the Djonbelat have now got the upper hand, and have succeeded in disuniting the Yezbeky and the Neked."

Even under the infamous Djezzar of Acre, whose constant aim was that of reducing the mountain chiefs, Druse and Christian, to more perfect subjection, the Emir managed to increase in power and territory; and with Suleiman, the opposite successor of Djezzar, he obtained still greater favour. During the period of the early

English operations in Syria, under Sir Sidney Smith, the Emir warmly attached himself to the British party—a recommendation he is not forgetful of at the present day. Burckhardt, in his remarks upon the Emir Beschir, by whom he was treated very kindly, and whom, in consequence, he was led to regard in a most favourable point of view, formed an opinion which time has proved to be most erroneous—the more remarkable when we consider the shrewdness and talent of that great traveller. He has the following partly prophetic passage:—

"By opposing the Druse parties to each other, and taking advantage of the Christian population, a man of genius and energy, of the Shehab family, might, perhaps, succeed in making himself the independent master of the mountain. Such an event would render this the most important government in Syria, and no military force

the Turks could send would be able to overthrow it. But at present the Shehab appear to have no man of influence among them."*

How accurate and how profound was the knowledge which Burckhardt acquired of the countries to which he devoted his attention! We here see him stating, in a few lines, an abstruse political opinion, which events have verified to the very letter. As regards his conclusions on the personal character of the Emir, it is not at all astonishing that the latter, in the few days' intercourse only which the traveller had with him, managed to blind him both as to his abilities and his real motives.

About the year 1824, the Emir considered himself sufficiently powerful to attack the Druse Sheikh of the Djonbelat, and who was then the acknowledged chief

* "Travels in Syria and the Holy Land," p. 196.

of all the Druse sect in Syria. The warfare was prosecuted with vigour, and at length the Druses were signally defeated in a mountain conflict, not without celebrity in the country. The Emir Beschir at once assumed an equal sway over the Druse as over his own Christian sect; but at the same time retained as an official their former Sheikh, who annually received from him a robe, and kissed his hand in token of submission. The features of his government at this period peculiarly denote him as possessed of crafty and politic skill. He was chief of two bodies of men, both of whom, by fanatical prejudices and old feuds, heartily detested and abhorred each other—men alike opposed in character as in sentiment. Did he attempt to reconcile such differences apparently so much to be dreaded? No; on the contrary he fomented them! and a greater spirit of mutual hatred became engendered.

He found means, at the same time, of shifting the obloquy from himself, whilst he secretly encouraged the causes of the evil feelings. This was accomplished by retaining several influential Druses about his person, whose concurrence in his views he had obtained. Several times did he make the Druse war against the Christian, when the latter had revolted against the obduracy of his rule; and as often directed the Christian prejudices against the Druse, when, in their turn, they murmured under his extortions. Yearly, however, he increased in wealth, and, foreseeing future danger, made large investments of capital in Europe.* In 1834, 1835, and 1836, great subsidies of men and provisions were furnished by the Emir Beschir to Ibrahim Pacha, principally from amongst the Druses;

* It is said that one of the principal villages near Marseilles is the entire property of the Emir.

yet, in the revolt of his own tribe, the Kisruan Maronites, in June of 1840, the Druses were readily prevailed upon to assist the Emir in bringing back the Christians to subjection. With one other fact I will conclude his history—namely, that there are now in the Lebanon more than twenty of his richest relatives, whom he has deprived of their eye-sight, jealous lest they might ever plot his overthrow.

The Emir, when in the British squadron, had attained his eighty-sixth year, was tall, and still erect in his gait, wearing a flowing white beard. I have since seen him in the palace of the Florian at Malta, which has been allotted to him as a residence, and where, if experience has taught him wisdom, he will spend (with what contentment he may) the remainder of his days.

We will, on another occasion, consider the manifold and interesting results of the Emir's career in Syria, in relation to the

present condition of that country and its future prospects.

To resume the further story of the war. The Turkish troops, after Cornichovahn, marched into Beyrout; at the same time the lines at Jouni were entirely broken up. Sir Charles Smith, who had returned from Constantinople much recruited in health, and with a firman to command the Sultan's forces in Syria, assumed, from the hands of the Commodore, the charge of the troops. He took up his residence in the seraglio of the town (previously deserted, I should state, by its fair denizens), and immediately a full staff of officers was set on foot.

Intelligence of the evacuation of Escanderoon, Latakia, and Tortosa, was received about this time. Jaffa, Jerusalem, and a portion of the Houran, were soon added to the list. Ibrahim, when too late, had commenced to concentrate his troops in the

interior. The fortress of Acre was the only portion of the coast where the Sultan's flag had not yet been planted. But Acre, with an inland enemy, was Syria!

Sir C. Smith seemed to regard his present position as one still admitting of some degree of apprehension.

Colonel Sir Charles F. Smith to Viscount Palmerston.

(EXTRACT.)

"Beyrout, October 22, 1840.

* * * * *

"I have now the honour to acquaint your lordship, that Tripoli was evacuated upon an Austrian corvette (without any hostile intention) anchoring off the town. Tortosa and Latakia are also abandoned. On those events I have to remark that, independently of the increased number of points to look after, they occasion an extension of the flank upon which I do not

meditate active operations, and the release for active purposes of about 5000 of the enemy's troops.

"Ibrahim Pacha has concentrated the portion of his original force that he can depend upon at Zahle, where, and at Damascus, are his principal dépôts, having very wisely left the dead weight and disaffected to be fed by the Turkish government. From Zahle he can move, by easy lines of communication, upon any of the almost defenceless towns we hold; and he, probably, will do so when the season becomes so far advanced as to cause the ships of war to quit their anchorage on the coast.

"Amidst interruptions of the most perplexing nature, I have been endeavouring to restore order.

"I have to carry on the details of the whole Turkish force. At Sidon, I am endeavouring to raise a corps of cavalry, which will be essentially important when

the base of operations rests, as I intend it should do, upon that place and Tyre.

"P. S. — The European troops are extremely unhealthy: this day's return gives twenty-five per cent in hospital; and, since writing the letter, of which this is a duplicate, the percentage has increased to thirty."

As an interesting appendage to the above, I subjoin an intercepted letter, written about the same time to Mehemet Ali from Ibrahim Pacha: —

(TRANSLATION.)

"Eyub Aga brought me your Highness's letter yesterday. I have read it and thoroughly understood it. The same day, the 3d Ramazan, Selim and Ismael Pacha came here with Goubran Effendi. The Hasné (Treasury) not being well provided, the payment could not be made. It is indispensable that 47,000 purses should be sent

to me. This is what Selim and Ismael say. The trains of the regiments of artillery have no more barley. The cavalry is also in want of it, and it is impossible to procure it. The peasants conceal every thing. They will neither pay nor give any thing. The infidels of Sidon have made them audacious.

"Meanwhile we are in want of many things. If the sea is not soon open, Syria will not be tenable; this is the way in which things are going on. If, eleven days since, your Highness had ordered me to retire from hence, I would not have done it: but now all is changed. Our infantry would be good, but the Syrians are not worth any thing. I have allowed them to go away, making them leave their arms. The Arnauts, having spoken to some seducer, demand their pay or their discharge. I have allowed them to go away. A portion of Hanadi has been similarly treated.

We are, therefore, alone. The rains and the cold become troublesome. The bivouacs are of no use. I can remain where I am till the end of the Ramazan; but I could not bring away the artillery in case your Highness should wish for the moment to abandon Ber-es-Sham (Syria). Our adversaries receive succours from Constantinople and from Malta. Vessels, soldiers, and ammunition, reach them daily; and they run over the coast of Syria in as many hours as I should take days to do so. It is, consequently, prudent not to come here with the fleet, for the English could capture it before our eyes. The Consuls have let me know that it is intended to bombard Acre. To bombard it perhaps, but to capture it, at present, no. Every thing there is in a good state. Mahmoud has applied for artillerymen; I send him 340, for they are useless to me in my position here. Nothing new from the frontier. Maggiun

Beg is at Aleppo. Ahmed Beg will retire if the Ottoman troops should advance. However, the season is not very favourable for our adversaries, and they are not numerous. Maggiun presumes that there are spies and seducers at Aleppo, and that the common people are blind: the same thing has happened at Damascus; the despatches confirm this."

N. B.— The supposed date of this letter is the 4th Ramazan (30th of October). It was translated by the French Consul, but was not delivered to him.

The Talbot frigate arrived from Constantinople on the 13th October with the first portion of a reinforcement of 20,000 Turkish troops, and the Vanguard from England with additional stores and ammunition.

The Hatti-Scherriff of Gul-Hané was proclaimed in the streets of Beyrout, amidst the acclamations of the populace.

During the succeeding interval of a fortnight much continued to be said about attacking Acre. Division in council existed upon the point. Walker Bey and the Commodore were urgent in advocating the expediency of an attack: the English Admiral, it is said, demurred, stating himself to be unwilling to risk the disablement of ships, whilst there was yet the contingency of a foreign enemy appearing upon the seas. General Smith was not sanguine, in a military light, of the ultimate success of the scheme, if attempted.

At length, it would appear, the Admiral, overcoming his scruples, coincided with the views of his belligerent, but comparatively irresponsible, advisers. It was given out that the reduction of Acre should be attempted; and Walker Bey, at his own request, was despatched to demand, as a previous step, the surrender of the fortress,

whilst it was agreed that the rest of the squadron should immediately follow.

The Turkish Admiral started in his own ship, preceded by the Gorgon and Phœnix war-steamers. On his way he fell in with the Thunderer and Revenge line-of-battle ships, who, in consequence of orders from the Commander-in-chief, proceeded along with him. When he arrived off Acre, which he did on the 25th, he was further joined by the Talbot frigate, then lying at the neighbouring town of Caiffa. The little squadron then stood in from the offing towards the fortress; the Turkish ship taking the lead under a flag of truce. Walker Bey embarked in the Gorgon steamer, who, bearing aloft the same amicable ensign, stood in still nearer to the batteries. When within hail, the enemy sternly refused a parley, and waved to the steamer to retire, pointing at the same time

to their guns. The steamer, consequently, as well as the other ships, again withdrew to the open sea.

Walker Bey returned in the Gorgon to communicate to the Admiral the result of his mission. He found the latter off Sidon, on his way to Acre with the squadron, as had previously been determined upon. On being made acquainted, however, with the conduct of the enemy, the British Admiral ordered his ships to return immediately to Beyrout, and sent word to those vessels awaiting him before Acre to withdraw.

The Anglo-Turkish officer once more proceeded in the Gorgon to his own ship and, on going on board, instantly ordered her to bear up for the batteries, "where," said he (my information is from a by-stander), "if she cannot *fight*, she must sink: but we will try the mettle of both parties." As a precautionary measure to avoid the shoals going in, he took with him a leadsman from

the Gorgon: out of all his ship's company he had not one man he could rely upon to try the soundings.

Both the captain and the pilot of the ship had previously assured him that they were well acquainted with the position of the sands in the vicinity; but such was their extreme degree of indecision on hearing the sudden warlike command of their Admiral, that not only did they become utterly oblivious as to the whereabouts of the sands, but were rendered alike incapacitated from even their most ordinary duties. Admiral Walker was not to be deterred. Having ordered the guns to be manned, and completed the necessary preparations for action, he merely directed by his interpreters that not a gun should fire until he gave the word. The "gunnery lieutenant," however, was as sadly at his wits' ends as his brother-officers; and, as will be seen, the above order was either not explained at

all to the crew, or done so very imperfectly.

The Admiral himself piloted in the vessel, and, having approached pretty near the batteries, told his secretary, Mr. Walton, to fire the foremost of each main and lower deck-gun, in order to ascertain the range. Mr. Walton, having laid first the foremost main-deck gun, fired; when, laughable to relate, off went every cannon one after another throughout the ship. The Turks fancied that first discharge to have been the signal to engage; a great fuss and splashing was consequently made in the water, but not a shot struck the fortress. The Bey still stood in with his ship, every moment expecting the return fire of the enemy; but the batteries remained silent.

Did Shultz, himself a brave man, pity the intrepidity of such a leader, with so strange and untutored a crew? or was he prevented

from sinking the vessel with his huge cannon by the *risibility* of the late spectacle?—Perhaps, for he is a jovial as well as a true soldier.

Admiral Walker, believing the pacific bearing of the batteries to have been occasioned by a respect to the Sultan's flag, was, on his part, too gallant to open again an unreturned fire, and shortly afterwards hauled his wind and stood out.

Still anxious to induce an attack upon Acre, he proceeded to Caiffa, in order, if possible, to collect information. There he was so fortunate as to receive on board a Naplousian mountaineer, who had come down to declare the participation of those of his district in the cause of the Sultan. The disclosures which that individual was enabled to make were considered by Walker Bey to be of such importance, that he at once got under way for Beyrout; and on

his arrival (30th October, at midnight) forwarded the minutes of the information to the English Admiral.

On the following day a ministerial sanction for the attack on Acre was received from Constantinople by Sir R. Stopford, who, no longer influenced by the cautious and highly responsible conduct which he before considered devolved upon him, now heartily yielded to his own and his colleagues' brave inclinations.

Early in the morning of the 31st of October, 3000 Turkish troops were embarked in the squadron, and the ships, with their complement of marines, at once got under way. The squadron to be employed was then composed as follows:—Line-of-battle ships: Princess Charlotte (flag), Powerful (Commodore), Benbow, Ganges, Thunderer, Revenge, Edinburgh, and Mookad-dimoy-i-hire (Turkish Admiral). Frigates: two Austrian, one under command of Admiral Ban-

deira, the other of the Archduke Frederick, Carysfort, Talbot, Pique, and Castor. Steamers: Gorgon, Phœnix, Vesuvius, and Stromboli. Brig, Wasp: — in all, nineteen sail.

CHAPTER VI.

AT SEA WITH THE SQUADRON—PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE—BOMBARDMENT AND FALL OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

We are now at sea with the squadron, bound for Acre. I had the honour at the time to be on a visit with Walker Bey in his flag-ship. The occupants of the cabin included, besides the Bey and his Secretary (Mr. Walton), Selim Pacha, Captain Laué (of the Prussian Artillery), and myself. It may be pardoned me if I dwell with more than ordinary length upon the few incidents which presented themselves on board previous to the battle; for I look back to my visit with unmixed interest, affording me, as it did, from the very kind disposition of our host, and the great event which we

all became participators in, as well the happiest as the most momentous portion of a long pilgrimage throughout Europe and the East.

First we will inspect the ship. Her Turkish name I will not again repeat, lest it tax too much my reader's patience, as well as his powers of pronunciation. "The days of yore," (*la félicité des jours passés*, as it was first rendered to me),—a name which would seem to prove the Turks to be as capable of poetical retrospection as others less obdurate and more enlightened. As if they looked back with a sigh to the storied times, ere yet the fairy gardens and palaces of the Bosphorus had been profaned by the armed heel of the infidel;—ere yet the western seaman dared to brave the monster cannon of the Dardanelles; whilst Asia was the garden of the Mussulman; when her armies conquered under the banner of their Prophet, and her navies annually swept up

the richest freights of the Mediterranean. Whether or not such a fancy dictated the name, the vessel which bore it was a fit emblem of Turkey in her fallen condition—patched up, old, lumbering, and leaky; none, in fact, but a most daring sailor would have risked himself to sea in her for any time. She was then almost the only line-of-battle ship actually in possession of the Sultan; every one which had been considered fit for service having previously been brought forward and carried into Egypt by the treachery of the Capitan Pacha. She was found by Walker Bey, lying in the old docks of Yeneguey, in the Marmora, where, being considered unseaworthy, she had been suffered to remain dismantled for many years. At the late crisis of affairs the latter officer had her repaired and refitted, and in a few weeks, with a crew gathered from the rabble of Constantinople, she appeared off Beyrout.

As to the crew—such a motley, strange-looking set, never met human eye before, so narrowly congregated together. The Eastern traveller, who has seen in Stamboul the medley of strange figures and costumes to be met with amongst the lowest orders in the populous quarters of that city, alone can comprehend the spectacle. Emaciated, queer-looking Turks, ice-sellers, sponge-sellers, spice-sellers, *et genus omne* of that order; for with such, to the amount of 800 and upwards, had the ship in a few days been manned. Besides these were, perhaps, another hundred of more robust build and of fiercer appearance, who, it is to be presumed, had previously been *käikjees* (boatmen), or country villagers. But not more than *twenty* of the whole complement had served in a ship before. How can I describe things below decks! Coming, as I did, from an English flag-ship, where every thing is clean and in the perfection of

order—where the healthy and stalwart crew have their "mess-tables," their "kits," and their "hammocks," the contrast to the present spectacle was, of course, rendered more striking. Heaps were squatting and lolling in every direction—some smoking, some eating, some quarrelling, and some (not a few) engaged upon a process of desirable extirpation, which * * *.

But we will examine what of organisation it had been possible to introduce amongst this ship's company. A few essential points only had been aimed at by Walker Bey. The crew were divided into the several watches maintained in the English service; so that there was always a known and regular relief of duty. Next, in the most important evolutions, as tacking, wearing, shortening and making sail, certain stations and duties had been taught and assigned to particular portions of the crew, who thus knew, without confusion, their required

place upon hearing any of those orders given. As regarded the fighting part of the business — their lessons had been solely confined to working and manœuvring the guns; "small-arm men," "boarders," and the rest of *the finer accomplishments*, it would appear that they had never been troubled with. The abundant washing of every deck in the ship, at a fixed early hour in the morning, was the principal internal regulation enjoined. With these few duties to be performed, they were wisely left, in other particulars, to do as they were wont.

What I have described is the main and lower deck (the latter particularly). In the Admiral's cabin, on the poop, and on the quarterdeck, a scene of as much order and propriety was beheld as on board a British man-of-war. Walker Bey had too long been celebrated as the commander of the finest and smartest ship in the British navy (the Vanguard) to be able, it would

seem, even to exist on board, unless every thing that met his eye, at least, was ship-shape.

A Turkish sentry, bayonet in hand, was on guard at the door of the cabin. We will enter it, by way of relief to what we have lately witnessed. The first portion is fitted up as a dining place, from whence another door conducts to an inner stern cabin, then occupied by Selim Pacha. A few of the principal confidentials of the Pacha cluster round this inner apartment; the first, his pipe-bearer; the next, one who waits on his beck, to bring, if necessary, coffee or sherbet,—these two individuals, manifestly, being not a little impressed with the height and importance of their occupations. Let us further penetrate into the sanctum. The Pacha, a highly intelligent Turk, would be seen perched up in the corner of a sofa, the fez covering his brows, and engaged, with

the usual grave abstraction of his countrymen, over a long and elegant pipe, the fumes of which he was inhaling. Opposite to him, sitting in a modest and expectant attitude, would be Selim Bey, his relative; a young man, the *beau idéal* of a handsome Mussulman, and the most sterling, best educated Turk I have known. He spoke English fluently, having early been sent over to our country, by the former Grand Seigneur, and where he held a commission in the artillery. Saluting the Pacha as you enter, by carrying your hand from your mouth to your forehead, he politely motions you to be seated. Attendant, No. 1, looks in at the door at the Pacha's face—the latter slightly nods. Attendant, No. 2, does the same thing—the Pacha repeats a similar token. The great man, then falling into his former abstraction, would most likely put to you but a very few stray questions, through his interpreter,

Selim Bey. Evidently something is wanting to give ease to the scene—it will soon be explained. Presently the first servant enters with a long pipe in his hands, surmounted by a massive amber mouthpiece; he goes down on his right knee, and, offering you the jewelled end, places the bowl in a brazen dish on the floor, and retires. If you are a smoker you begin at once to feel yourself more comfortable, and the Pacha, perhaps taking this for granted, now enters freely into conversation; until at length, by the time No. 2 has brought you coffee, you are established much to your ease and satisfaction.*

Selim Pacha was the only Turk of authority who landed with the allies in Syria. He had then merely the rank and functions of a simple general of brigade. During the time of the encampment he was at the

* This is the best apology I can think of for Turkish ceremonials.

head of the Turkish troops, but entirely subordinate under the Admiral and Commodore. His straightforward and unassuming behaviour, his prompt obedience to the superior chiefs, his gallant conduct in the field, and his constant attention to the comfort of his soldiers, were the general theme of admiration.

When, however, the prospect of affairs brightened, as they shortly did, *greater Pachas* made their appearance. Syria began to offer temptations, and to be bid for at the Porte. Izzet Mehemet Pacha, one of the old school of three-tailed grinding *Bashāws*, rich as a Crœsus with the fruits of long extortion, landed at Beyrout, rejoicing in the grandiloquent title of Governor of Syria *and of Egypt*. There can be no better proof of the watchful surveillance ever incumbent on the European representatives at the Porte, who may be true well-wishers of Turkish ascendency,

than the appointment, at such a moment, of a man like Izzet Pacha to chief authority in Syria. One of the most noted of that selfish class of local administrators, who have mainly contributed to the late abject condition of the Ottoman empire,—a man who has, before now, kept back even the shirts and shoes of his soldiers, in order to put the money allowed for their purchase in his pocket!

It is true he for a few days valiantly defended Varna against the Russians; but he also evacuated it to her general (well known for certain persuasive powers) at a very opportune moment. True it is, also, that he has many enemies in the Divan; but, at the same time, he has more friends there than any other Pacha; and a single individual, however rich and astute, cannot purchase up the good opinions of a whole *Sanhedrim*, such as is the council at Constantinople. Selim Pacha, on old Izzet's arrival, at once

became deprived of power, although locally appointed as his lieutenant; nay, Izzet was placed superior even to the Commander, for the time being, of the Sultan's forces. And what were his first proceedings in Beyrout? He sent for the members of the *Shora*, or municipal council, and inquired what debts of the late government remained uncollected. On being informed that every para of available taxes had previously been called in, he asked if there were not other imposts which it had been found impracticable to realise. The latter was by no means difficult, for their Egyptian rulers had ceased only to impose burdens when the *acmé* of their capabilities had been tested. A sum of 20,000 piastres was found to be standing against the town. "Let that money," said the new governor, "be collected from the inhabitants by to-morrow at noon, and all who fail shall suffer forfeiture of their effects." Alas!

alas! for the first-fruits of the vaunted reformation in Turkey, and which, in the Commodore's manifesto, was held out as "about to render the condition of Syria happy and comfortable." But Izzet, luckily enough, soon after this shot himself by accident in the leg, which brought him to death's door, and from henceforward he remained confined to his bed, thinking more about his life than the money of his newly-delegated subjects. Selim Pacha, consequently, again assumed the initiative; and we now see him at his post, and on his way to participate in the dangers and the good fortune of the deed about to be achieved for his sovereign.

It may not be amiss to introduce several other characters at that time on board the Ottoman flag-ship; and there cannot be a better opportunity than at the Admiral's dinner-table. It was a repast which denoted the good taste, as well as the generosity, of our

host; and, to suit the diversity of his guests, was the production of two artists—Italian and *Turk*. The opposite dainties of both continents, Asia and Europe, were handed round in rotation. No wonder the English Bey was a greater favourite with the Turks than ever infidel had been before; for whilst his suavity and valour captivated their better judgments, his richly-furnished board, open to all their higher officers, stole away what little remaining portion of their hearts prejudice might have held back. Selim Pacha would now fill the head of the table; on his right sat Osman Captain, (captain of the ship), a fat jolly personage, his eye lit up with good-humour—as good an Eastern personification of our Jack Falstaff's exterior as can be imagined; next, the Italian Doctor, a man of great merit in his profession, with Selim Bey, and several minor members of the Pacha's suite.

As touching my friend Osman Captain, I

shall never forget the grave drollery of a little incident respecting him, which occurred the first day I met this party at dinner. I had lifted my glass, thinking only at the moment of the flavour of some rich madeira, when I caught Osman's eye, looking on with a degree of most heart-rending participation. Although a Mussulman, he could evidently appreciate the delights of the rosy god, if we might judge from the blossoms on his jolly countenance. By and by the Admiral asked Selim Pacha if he would not take some champagne, since he passed the other wine. Osman, before a reply could be given, addressed apparently a powerful recommendation to the Pacha in favour of the proposal; but the latter, gravely shaking his head, and putting his hand on Osman's mouth, replied to the interpreter that he would not take any wine, since it was the season of the Ramazan. The best of the joke was, I knew both to be a little addicted

to the pleasures of the bottle. Osman, who was no hypocrite, every other day at table took his wine, and enjoyed it like a Christian: but on this occasion was obliged to refrain, although with no good grace, out of respect to the Pacha; and the latter was only fearful to give way, seeing strangers at table.

The two days in which we were approaching Acre afforded me so much pleasurable employment, as not to allow for a moment of gloomy sentiments intruding themselves. I then had the pleasure of forming an acquaintanceship with Capt. Laué, a circumstance destined afterwards to afford me no small degree of satisfaction. That gallant soldier, a veteran in the former wars of Europe, did me the honour of studying with me the Admiral's plans of Acre and its roadstead. The happy impressment with which he weighed the whole scheme of attack, the defences of the enemy, and the dan-

gers and probabilities on either side, could not fail to impart a degree of the same ardour and interest he so fully experienced. On the other hand, there was sufficient in the proceedings of the ship to occupy attention. Preparations for the approaching conflict were every where observable. The cabins on the maindeck were cleared away, so as to afford an open space from stem to stern. The brass railings and pillars which, with a view of ornament, had been placed on the poop and quarterdeck, were, where necessary, replaced with rope. This was done in order to avoid the dangerous splinters which would have occurred had they been struck with shot; but the proceeding occasioned much amazement to the Turks — ever improvident. The leisure hours of the crew were devoted to other, and what they considered more important, preparations—the ordeal to be gone through previous to admission into the society of the

Houris, whom they seemed firmly to believe they had every chance of visiting within a short period. Several dervishes being on board, the men were tutored by them in a long list of prayers yet in arrears. Throughout the lower decks this was universal. Between every gun, fore and aft, groups of Turks were assembled on their knees—their faces towards the East—their eyes closed—their lips rapidly moving—and, at intervals, prostrating themselves, breasts and bellies, on the deck.

Admiral Walker's lot in the ship was the only feature which might occasion sadness. On him the care of this strange crew devolved; on him, at that moment, the dread issues to be feared with such a mass in action. Had the ship even to be put about, it was necessary for him to be on deck, or probably the manœuvre would not have been executed safely. It was seldom, the vessel being at sea, he considered his

duty would allow him to take his clothes off! Such were the duties of an officer generally regarded as amongst the most distinguished in our Naval Service!!

During our voyage in the Turkish ship, the wind, though light, being favourable, we gained so much by the few hours' start, that it was not until about the middle of the second day that the squadron were observable, faintly marked on the horizon in an extended order of sailing. We reached the Bay of Acre on the afternoon of the 2d of November. The four war-steamers, which had arrived there the day before, were employed at intervals throwing shell from long ranges into the fortress, and had been similarly engaged throughout that day and a part of the previous night. The enemy had returned fire from their mortar at those vessels, but hitherto ineffectually. The Pique and Talbot frigates, and Wasp brig (having come up from Soar and

Sidon), were then in the offing. Towards sunset the whole of the squadron arrived; the wind, during the few previous hours, having increased from the northward. Line-of-battle ships anchored well out; frigates and small craft kept under way.

A council of war was held the same night, at which it was determined that the bombardment of the fortress should take place on the morrow, and at as early an hour as the wind would permit of the squadron approaching the batteries. The Commodore was to lead in the van of the squadron to the attack. The English Admiral determined to embark in one of the steamers, as he believed he could from thence better direct by signal the further movement of the ships. Admiral Walker (who had the choice of his position) determined to place his ship at the south-eastern or inland angle of the south line of battery, as offering the best point for effect-

ing a breach.* The Edinburgh was chosen to assist him in that latter service. It would appear that the above were the only naval arrangements concluded at that council. The respective chiefs, captains, and commanders of the allied squadron, were furnished with a map of the soundings of the bay, drawn out from a previous survey of the shoals by Captain Boxer of the Pique, and Captain Codrington of the Talbot. The wind was from the northward.

It was agreed upon in the morning between the Admiral and Commodore, there being then a light air from the *southward*, that the latter should go in with the squadron from the southward to the attack of the west front, so as of course to attack from to windward, and that he

* Admiral Walker was induced to choose that point from having remarked that a portion of the wall there was dilapidated and under repair.

should place his ship at the *south* angle of the west line.*

The Turkish ship weighed at daylight, and stood out to the point of Mount Carmel, in order to be able afterwards to bear up to her station on the southern line. Soon, however, the wind lulled, and it fell nearly a calm; but what light air remained continued from the before-mentioned quarter.

Yet another digression, that I may break the tedium of the long hours in which we were approaching Acre, her grim walls looming in the distance. And, first, we *breakfasted.* Pardon me, reader, if I have

* In order to understand the different details of the attack, it will be merely necessary to bear in mind that the fortress presents at its sea-face *two lines of defence;* and it will be sufficiently correct if we suppose these two lines to describe *a right angle,* which looks *west* and *south* to the sea. A shoal of considerable length extends before the western line, commencing at its sea angle.

inflicted upon you that ever-recurring item in an English traveller's journal—his meals. The *matériel* I will not descend to, but the breakfast itself I cannot omit. It had an original feature worth mentioning. Having previously been walking the deck, eyeing with a glass the long line of batteries we were about to engage, or, anon, examining the signalling of the squadron, the effect produced upon the mind of a peaceful individual like myself, to say the least of it, was sufficiently grave and impressive. Sober thoughts would intrude themselves, engendered as well by the beauty of the morning as by stray reflections on the issues which the eventful day might bring forth. The languid heat, that increased with the advance of the sun,—the utter absence of a breath of air to waft us to the goal of combat, within which we lay almost in reach,—more particularly my personal exemption from physical employ-

ment in the preparations which were going forward about me, — all tended to divest the mind of that ardour and excitement which forms to the soldier and the sailor the buoyant sentiment of such moments. Other features likewise, as I have said, induced to opposite and tranquil considerations. The eastern horizon bore a rich and aërial aspect — the sun seemed to have risen with more than usual splendour; Carmel, the sacred mountain, celebrated in the most solemn passages of Scripture, extended in grandeur towards the glittering and transparent ocean. It was a scene and an hour which could not fail to impart a pensive tone. A train of thought led me to many contemplative, and, perhaps, poetic conclusions. Memory, too, became busied with her bitter and sweet reminiscences; and, in short, as the hours advanced, and we tediously lay upon the waters, I at length came to regard the notion of going under

those huge walls, and being battered at with cannon-shot for a whole day, as a very needless *désagrément*, which I had wilfully entailed upon myself. More than once I quoted the poets, much to my satisfaction:—

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"*

"War, and the Great in War, let others sing,
Havoc and spoil, and tears and triumphing,
The warning march that flashes to the sun,
The feast of vultures when the day is done,
And the strange tale of many slain for one!"†

My reveries, however, were broken,—the Admiral's servant summoned me to "breakfast." I descended, certainly never thinking less about ham and eggs in my life. A little table, neatly spread with the

* Cowper. † Rogers.

best appurtenances of the early meal, met my eye; whilst sitting opposite each other were the Admiral and Captain Laué, both evidently not a little enjoying a most substantial repast which was before them. When or how I forgot my previous sentimentality I know not, but in half an hour I arose, nor ever found myself in better or lighter spirits,—a change which remained with me throughout the day. Bravery, *ergo,* is infectious. The cool and gay example of the sailor and the old soldier had insensibly stolen upon me, and re-established my truant faculties. The fact even did not again recur to my memory until now, when with pen in hand I "fight the battle o'er again." So much for the subtleties which, we are told, influence man's conduct.

In the course of the forenoon Mr. Walton was directed by Admiral Walker to go round the ship, and to report to him her

state of preparation for action. I accompanied the latter officer in his inspection. We first proceeded to the powder magazine. Woollen screens, as is usual, were placed round the passages, where sparks might have been communicated during the serving out of the powder; but, beyond that external precaution, no other measures had been thought necessary to avoid the numerous dangers of ignition during action. As to a well, by which the magazines of other ships can be sunk, if necessary, it was a precaution amongst Turks not perhaps to be expected; but farther than this I was not prepared to see the fatalism of the nation carried. In the first place, the old Turk who had the principal charge of the powder department, when he brought us to the door of the magazine, coolly produced from his pocket an *iron* key, and, to our horror, we saw that his apparatus for striking a light was also hanging at his side!

My friend Walton then wisely judged he had seen enough, and turning upon his heel, conscientiously exclaimed,—

"Well, God save us from being blown up, if we don't sink!"

We met the doctor of the ship, and desired to be conducted to the "Sick Bay."

"Ah! *caro mio!*" said the medical man, "the Turks have no notion of any such thing; but, since the Admiral ordered me to appropriate some part of the ship for that purpose, I have succeeded in getting my instruments laid out in a small portion of the hold. Yet, Signor," he continued, "the place smells so badly, I advise you not to go down."

Here was a comfortable piece of intelligence! A man could not, consistently with his health, enter, when hale and sound, a place where, perhaps half an hour afterwards, he might have to be carried with a leg or an arm off! It must

needs be seen. We descended through a series of holes and dark passages, whilst at every step the heat and confined odour became more and more oppressive. At length we reached a small stow-place, in the bow of the ship, just above her keel. Its dimensions might have been twenty feet in length, by fifteen in width. It was lit by several large ship-lanterns; and mattrasses, on casks and tubs, covered it in every direction. The heat and confined air was such as to cause the breathing to be most oppressive; and the place having previously been fumigated with ammonia and chloride of lime, rendered its surcharged atmosphere still more painful. Huge sponges, a large bottle of ammonia, a number of tourniquets, and several bright glancing knives, were displayed on a small table appropriated to the doctor. Such was the Turkish "cockpit."

On our way again to the upper decks, groping and stumbling along the dark pass-

ages which conducted from the locality just described, I saw several individuals together in another small store, dimly lit, and, prompted by curiosity, at once entered. I found there the several dervishes of the ship, with truly most woe-begotten visages. Their chief was lying on his back on the floor, having thus cunningly, as he thought, got as far under the surface of the water as possible, whilst his teeth were chattering and his eyes rolling in the most singular and extraordinary manner.

When we were standing-in towards the batteries, the Admiral sent down his dragoman to inquire from the gunnery lieutenant whether the men were all at quarters, and every thing ready at the guns. The dragoman returned, after some little time, and informed him that the main-deck guns were not yet cast loose.

"Send the Lieutenant here instantly," said the Admiral.

After some delay that officer made his appearance. I should premise that the latter spoke English very well, having been brought up in our service; but that, in the conduct of his duty, he was almost on all occasions remiss and negligent. As, however, he was the only Turk in the ship who spoke English, he had in several minor instances been pardoned, with many exhortations. On the present occasion, being taxed with disobedience, he replied sulkily, and alleged some very foolish excuse. Admiral Walker at once turned to Osman Captain, who was standing beside him, and through his dragoman ordered him to take from the man's neck his decoration in diamonds (the insignia of his rank), and to place him in strict arrest. The good-natured Osman hesitated, and looked astonished, discrediting, it would seem, his ears — for the ship was almost under the guns of the enemy. But the chief's stern eye at once

was fixed upon him, and rushing towards the condemned lieutenant, he seized the decoration, and hurried him below. This was one of several lessons which the Turks experienced of the temper and decision of their Frank Bey, and whom, although I believe they all sincerely loved, they did not the less heartily fear.

To resume again the story of general proceedings.

The rest of the squadron did not get under way from the offing until about seven bells in the forenoon watch (half-past eleven). Every ship then stood out to the southward, towards Mount Carmel. The sea-breeze was just setting in again from the *northward.* This was unexpected, as the wind before, in the morning, had been throughout light from the *southward,* and that wind, it was thought, would have increased and prevailed during the day. Under this idea, it had been determined to

go in from the south to the attack of the *west* front; and, as regarded the south line, to approach that also in the same manner.

The ships at first made but little progress. At noon the wind had increased to a light, steady breeze, and, shortly afterwards, drew round still more to the northward. At about one o'clock signal was made by the Commodore for the squadron to tack. The ships performed that evolution readily and with precision; and, from henceforward, the squadron in approaching the batteries formed more and more in order of battle.

The war-steamers began throwing shell immediately that the squadron were standing in to the fortress; but, from some unforeseen accidents connected with the fuzes, at least one-third burst before they reached their destination. That unprecedently bad shelling at this moment is the

more extraordinary, when compared with the good service which had been rendered in the same department by the steamers in other operations on the coast.*

The Commodore was now standing-in with the ships, on the larboard tack, to the west front of the fortress, when he sig-

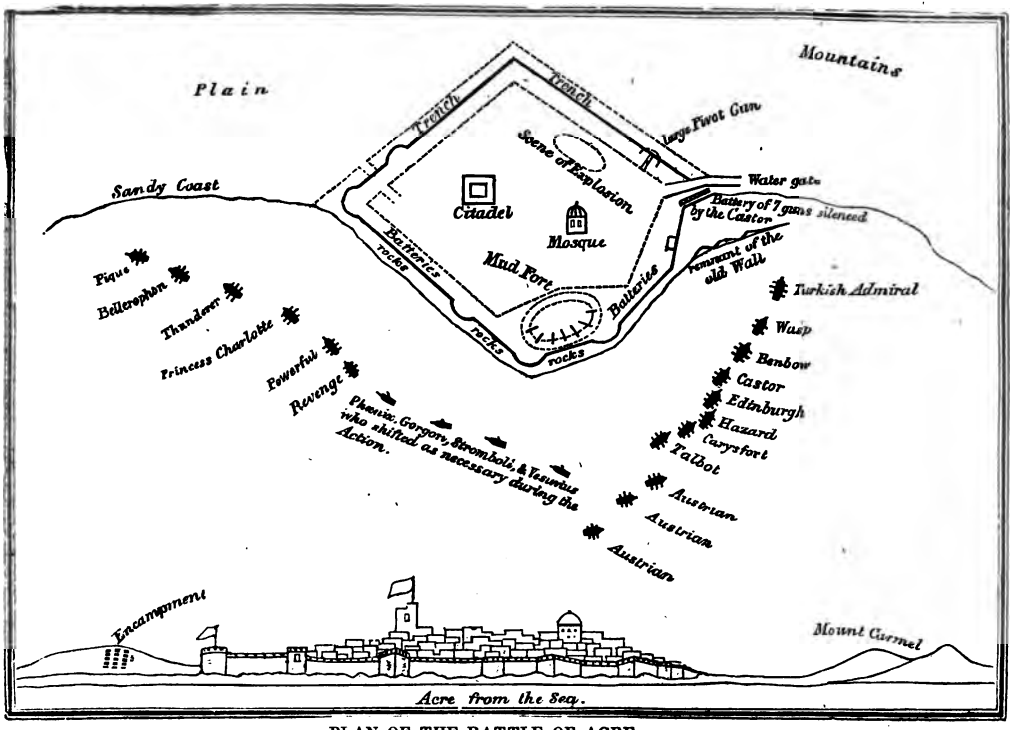
* The heavy guns used in her Majesty's steam-vessels are said to be admirably adapted for coast operations, as regards the precision of their fire and their great length of range. But it is also generally observed that a decided improvement is requisite in the structure and composition of the metal fuzes at present supplied, to insure their burning uniformly. Mr. Turner's method of preventing fuze composition from loosening by concussion was tried by the Benbow and Edinburgh at Beyrout, and found perfectly to answer. However, in the Hydra's shell practice, at long distances, the wooden fuzes, or those generally used with mortars, were principally employed, and found to be very sure; that is, with a charge of not more than 8 lbs. to 68-pounders; a larger charge seeming to loosen or blow them out. I am much indebted to Mr. Clarke, of H. M. S. Hydra, for many practical observations on these subjects.

nalised "Intend attacking north batteries," and immediately hauled up more to the northward. The Commodore's general explanation of this alteration in the plan of attack (instead of attacking the south angle) was, that the change of wind from the southward incapacitated him from following out the original determination; that the wind, which drew from the *northward*, induced him to alter his course, and, having weathered the opposite end of the shoal, to bear up to the other extreme of the west front, the Powerful leading for the attack. It had previously been determined, when the wind was from the *southward*, that the leading ship, Powerful, having anchored, the Princess Charlotte should pass outside of her, the others passing and anchoring in succession,—a manœuvre obvious with ships attacking a long line of battery.

The Powerful now approached from the north extremity of the west front; the

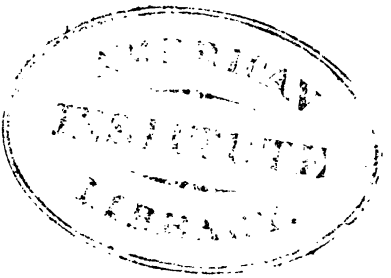
Princess Charlotte, Bellerophon, Thunderer, and Pique, following. The Powerful came-to about midway along the west line. The other ships took up their positions *astern* of her. (The Revenge, which had been kept as a reserve ship, was, some time afterwards, ordered by the Admiral to station herself ahead of the Commodore.)

When the Commodore made his signal, "Intend attacking north battery," Capt. Stewart, of the Benbow, who was then abreast of the sea-angle between the two lines, made signal, "Shall I attack south battery?" (instead of following the Commodore), and was immediately responded to with permission by the Admiral (from the Phœnix). This prompt conduct by Capt. Stewart is looked upon, in the navy, with the greatest admiration; as tending to prevent any momentary confusion which might have arisen, and being the means of bringing the rest of the squadron more readily into



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ACRE.

UNIV. OF CH.



action. The Benbow bore up, followed by the Edinburgh, Castor, Carysfort, Talbot, Hazard, and Wasp. The Castor frigate was then astern of the Benbow, but, being the faster sailer, soon got ahead of the line-of-battle ship, and further in towards the batteries. Capt. Stewart then made signal to Capt. Collier, of the Castor, "Pray amuse the enemy whilst I anchor." The Castor took up her position within about 400 yards of the batteries, in the most gallant manner possible.*

Capt. Boxer, of the Pique, who had previously served as Midshipman at Acre, under the revered Sir Sidney Smith, and who had latterly surveyed the Bay, along with Capt. Codrington of the Talbot, now went on board several of the ships, and piloted them into their positions.

* All the other British ships averaged from about 800 to 1000 yards' distance from the batteries.

Meanwhile, the Turkish ship stood in to her originally designed position, at the east end of the southern battery, but being in advance, was compelled to heave all aback, waiting until the other line-of-battle ships came up; it being necessary they should all occupy their berths relatively the one to the other. The anchor was let go when within 500 yards of the fortress, and not more than *seven inches water* under her keel. The hands were then sent aloft to furl sails; a duty which was performed with alacrity and coolness. This was the only instance in the squadron in which sails were furled: in doing so Admiral Walker was actuated by the twofold motive of avoiding the risk of hot shot, which he believed would be fired from the fortress, and of giving steadiness and temper to his Turkish crew.

The three Austrian ships followed in the

rear of those vessels extending along the south front, and took up their positions opposite the sea-angle.

The four war-steamers were then at the angle between the two lines. And thus, to the best of my knowledge, was the squadron placed, in order of battle, before Acre.—The time, a little after 2 o'clock, P.M.

The Castor, who was then ahead, and inside of us, opened fire with great gallantry, and was at once answered by the cannon of the batteries. Our fire also opened, and nearly at the same instant was heard that of the ships in the distance. The singular hissing sound of passing shot was now whistling around us in all directions. Many of the enemy's shot were seen to fall short in the water, and as many heard to pass over and about us. The Castor, who maintained her fire in the most splendid style, had already been struck several times, and evidently attracted (as was her design) a

more than ordinary portion of the enemy's attention. After about five minutes, the line-of-battle ships being well engaged, she moved out to a farther distance of 150 yards. Soon observation was confounded by the continuous roar of cannon, and by the masses of smoke, which in many-piled wreaths began to envelope as well the ships as the fortress. When the smoke, at short intervals, cleared away, we got a glimpse of one or more of the embrasures; but, for the most part, the only object seen to mark their locality was the blaze of lurid fire issuing from the pieces at the moment of discharge.

I descended from the poop to the main-deck, and certainly was never more surprised than to observe the spirited manner in which the Turks behaved. Their lethargy was forgotten, and excitement had rendered every man alike energetic. They fought their guns with great rapidity, but

at that time with little care; they fought, indeed, like demons: on that deck the din of cannon was overcome by their yells and shouting. I found that the divan at the stern-windows had not been removed, and seated myself there. It commanded the main-deck. The Turks seemed not to feel fatigue; their guns recoiled, they thronged round them, and in an instant reloaded. They soon, also, began to take more careful aim; and I often noticed at the discharge, not only the captain of the gun eyeing the sight, but the whole of its crew peering along it, and giving their advice. I went forward. About the same time a shot entered one of the port-holes, and carried away the ladder of the fore-hatchway. The shot went out again at the opposite port-hole, having destroyed one of the crew. The men were working the gun at which the shot had entered and killed their companion with as much unconcern and vigour

as it is possible to imagine. The crash of several shot was heard about this time in the ship's side, but which did not penetrate.

A colonel of the Turkish troops on board shortly found his way to the divan, which I had again occupied. He was accompanied by a little negro boy, carrying his pipe. The latter lit the *chibouk* with due form, and presented it to his master, when I had an opportunity of witnessing what I think may be termed a proof of innate politeness in the Turk. It is a compliment which a Turk always pays to an equal to offer him his pipe after he has himself taken a few whiffs; but at a moment like this, when one was not sure of the head on his shoulders from one minute to the other, it was hardly to be expected if any body lit a pipe, he should go to such lengths as to think of doing so for another. On the contrary, my friend offered it me as

he would have done at any other time; and I doubt not would have been offended had I refused him the compliment of accepting it.

The little negro boy was still more cool and unconcerned than his master. The Colonel having been called away to attend upon Selim Pacha, who was on the poop, young Sambo at once scrambled on the divan, and got his head as far as possible out of the window, impressed, apparently, with a great desire to see what all the noise outside was about. A stream of shot, during the action, continued to pass, ploughing up the water, a few yards astern of the ship. The shot striking in the water, and rebounding upwards again, seemed to amuse the little negro vastly; and I could not but envy him his ignorant equanimity, when, as frequently happened, one would come nearer than usual to where we were sitting, and the little fellow would

rub his hands, and shew his teeth from ear to ear, with delight.

After an hour's firing, a gun in the fortress, of very large dimensions, was observed to be solely directed at our ship, and a shot which had severely wounded the mainmast, was thought to have been fired from it. Captain Laué and Mr. Walton pointed against it several of the main-deck guns, and which shortly had the effect of silencing its fire.

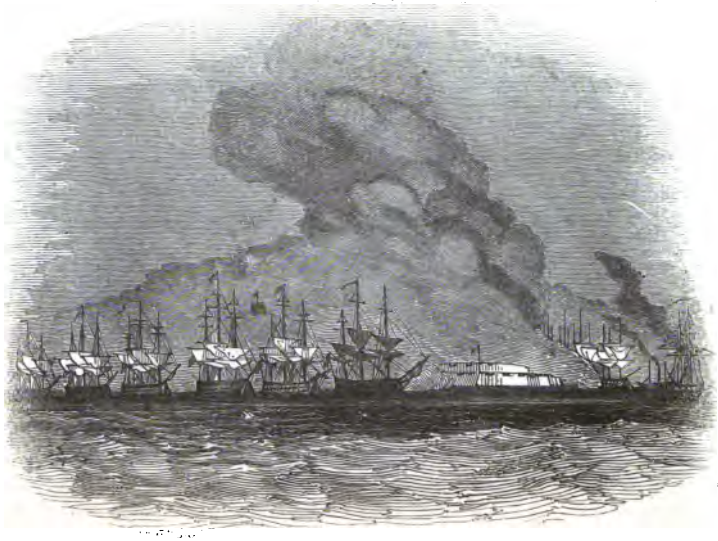
The scene in the poop was of a different character to any hitherto described. In front of the mizen-mast stood Walker Bey, slightly leaning on one shoulder, his arms folded, and with his telescope in his hand. There is a species of mental determination, a tensity of the features, to be observed in the countenances of most men in moments of extreme danger. His is the only instance in which I have not seen the rule exemplified. Were it not for the quick and

attentive eye, suffering no circumstance around to escape notice, the English Bey had an air so completely *désœuvré*, so tranquil, that one might fancy he was engaged in some ordinary occurrence of life. I have said he was leaning in front of the mizen-mast; behind it, or rather on the other side from Acre, were a string of some twenty Turks, whose duty it was to remain on the poop (the "after-guard"), and who were squeezing themselves closely together in a line, trying by their dodges to keep the mast between them and the portion of the fortress from whence the thickest fire was proceeding. It was a singular contrast. There is some excuse, however, for the poor fellows; for, having nothing to occupy themselves with, they seemed to fancy they were stuck up there only to be shot at.

Selim Pacha was stoutly pacing the deck, followed by his suite of officers, and, for

want of other employment, often turned to remark the varied course of the shot bounding over the waters. Honest Osman, too — I must not forget him — wiping the perspiration from his brow, he was as stoical and sedate (in attendance on the Bey) as any fat respectable Turk might be supposed to be.

The distant view, when at intervals it could be obtained, was of the most exciting character. Near us lay the gallant Castor, blazing away with all her might, whilst ever and anon a shot directed at her would be seen spinning over the low rolling sea. A model of a frigate of her class, so gallantly doing her duty, she presented a beautiful picture. Farther on was the Benbow, of the line, vomiting forth huge volumes of flame; the curling smoke wreathing upwards amid her tall and tapering spars. We could only get a hasty glimpse at times of the other ships. More out from the



BOMBARDMENT OF ACRE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

fortress the steamers were manœuvring in different directions; and every now and then discharging their well-laid Paixans at the devoted batteries.

Above the dense column of smoke on shore arose the mighty dome of the mosque of Omar; and, still more indistinctly defined, the huge town of Djezzar, from the centre of the town, with the Egyptian standard still waving on its summit.

The annexed drawing, taken from a point of view between the two angles, by Capt. R. Stopford, R.N. (a copy of which I have been favoured with), is as correct as it is graphical.

During the second hour the din seemed, if possible, to have increased. Thus affairs continued until a little after 4 P.M., when the east end of the fortress was for a moment in a blaze of light, and in the next was enveloped in a dense and impenetrable cloud. Their principal powder-magazine

had exploded, in consequence, as is supposed, of a shell from one of the steamers. We were by far the nearest ship to the site of the magazine, and therefore experienced its effects to a greater extent than any other. Shell, masses of stone, and debris of building material, fell around us in every direction:—

> . . . . "The thickened sky
> Like a dark ceiling stood."

In a few more seconds the vast volume of dark cloud that overshadowed the fortress was wafted directly across the ship. It suddenly became as the blackest night, and the sulphureous odour, and small dust, caused great pain and constriction in the chest. The Turks at first were much appalled, but after a little exhortation continued steady.

The joyful news soon went round that it was the enemy's magazine which had exploded; and, almost amidst the darkness,

firing again commenced with renewed vigour. The enemy, after the lapse of a minute or two, were also again at their guns.

The shades of evening were now approaching, and the immense body of thick cloud which hung around the squadron, and through which was seen the red disc of the declining sun, deprived of its force, rendered the hour apparently much later than it really was. Not until the orb was sinking below the horizon did the English Admiral make the signal, "Cease firing;" and the ships proceeded to obey it, one after another, as it became visible to them. The enemy for half an hour previously had greatly slackened their fire; and at that time I should think there were not more than a dozen of their guns directed against the squadron.

Just at this time the second doctor of our ship, a young Greek, went in the fore-

castle to look about him, since all danger had apparently subsided. He stepped on the bulwarks at the bow of the ship, his head only above the hammock-cloths, when, at the moment, a large shot struck him, and severed his head and neck from his shoulders. Sad fate! — to die, and no credit from his death, for he was absent from his post of duty. From the direction of the shot, there was no doubt it had occurred at random, fired at a high elevation, from one of our own ships on the opposite line. Several such so struck us. I saw his headless body instantly afterwards thrown into the sea.

The senior doctor was much grieved by the loss of his comrade. "Poor fellow!" he said, "he had a presentiment of his doom; and, though as brave as a lion, had been in the most depressed spirits throughout the day; and there was no persuading him but that it would be his last." I give

the words verbatim as the doctor uttered them. Such instances it is, among many, that make us exclaim with Hamlet,—

> " There are more things in heaven and earth,
> Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

It was found that our particular loss had been five killed and two wounded. The whole loss sustained was very trivial; in all, twenty-two killed and forty-four wounded. The only officer killed was the much-respected Lieut. Le Mesurier, of the Talbot. A shell burst on the quarter-deck of the Edinburgh, before she anchored, wounding four of her officers and killing several of the crew. The Powerful had her maintop-mast wounded, the Turkish flag-ship her main-mast, the Edinburgh her mizen-mast, the Castor her bowsprit, the Hazard her mizen-mast, the Wasp her fore-mast.

Some say the enemy previously pointed their guns at several buoys which were laid

down the night before, for the squadron to go in by, fancying that those buoys were intended to mark the stations of the ships. For myself, I am not inclined to give credit to this surmise, when it is remembered that they had such an intelligent officer as the Polish engineer, Colonel Shultz, at their head. That a good deal of their fire was ill directed will hardly alone account for the little damage which the squadron suffered. In our own instance such was the varied direction of the shot, that Admiral Walker more than once remarked, "If this ship had been a fathom or two either way, she must have sunk." We were indebted to a kind Providence.

For the first half hour the united fire of the enemy was every where sustained. During the whole of that time, however, their guns had such a high degree of elevation, that but few shots comparatively struck the ships. It would appear that, in

their previous practice at the guns, they had never taken into consideration the fact that ships might approach so near the fortress, as was the case in the instance of our attack. Before they had time to correct effectively that mistake, many of their heaviest guns were disabled. After an hour had elapsed their fire was far more correct, and continued to improve during the whole of the action. On the other hand, the embrasures from which the fire was most destructive were the united aim of every ship in the vicinity, and, one by one, were disabled.

Osman Captain, that night, was allowed to enjoy his glass of wine after dinner without hinderance, even Selim Pacha overcoming his scruples in the joy of the occasion. The morrow was looked forward to as promising another hard day's work, and all were gay and happy, contented with present good fortune.

Admiral Walker, in the course of the evening, personally sounded for a passage by which his ship might approach nearer the batteries. The English Admiral ordered the Edinburgh and Benbow to prepare to warp closer in, so as to be able to effect, along with the Turkish ship, a breach in the walls. A reward of promotion and money was offered throughout the Turkish ship to any of the crew who would go on shore, and after nightfall enter the fortress in disguise, in order to ascertain its condition and the state of the garrison. The offer was accepted by two of the men, but the boat which subsequently attempted to land them declared there were too many troops in the vicinity to allow of the men being disembarked with safety.

My bed was stretched that night upon the deck, all the cabins having been cleared away; and I could not help thinking, when

turning-in, "What a chance there is, if those Egyptians should open fire, that I may be cut in two during the night!" But no such cogitations could interrupt fatigued nature, and my head was hardly on the pillow when my eyes were sealed in sleep—and a most sound nap I had; for Mr. Walton told me next morning that, when the subsequent news came, he tried to rouse me, but that to all his appeals my only answer was a snore.

At half-past 2 the following morning, voices were heard stoutly hailing our ship from the nearest portion of the fortress, and a boat proceeding to the spot brought off two individuals—a Colonel and the Captain of the Port—who communicated that the Egyptian troops, struck with the greatest panic from the effect of the late bombardment, were at that moment evacuating the place. Upon this intelligence, Admiral Walker despatched a platoon of soldiers to

secure the neighbouring entreporte-gate; and with a promise of reward to those amongst them who should proclaim throughout the streets, in the name of the Sultan, that all who laid down their arms would receive a free pardon. He next sent Mr. Walton to communicate the news to the English Admiral, who perfectly approved of the proceedings adopted. It will be seen from a portion of Admiral Walker's private despatch to Constantinople, which I shall hereafter quote, how highly the latter officer appreciated at that moment the energetic assistance afforded him by his Imperial Highness the Archduke Frederick, who throughout distinguished himself on all occasions of service. Selim Pacha landed at the earliest dawn with the 300 Turkish soldiers which were on board.

Captain Laué and myself went on shore early on the same morning. I must pass over the scenes of slaughter which presented

themselves along the ramparts, throughout the town, and near the locality of the explosion. It was one of those spectacles truly designated as "the horrors of war." The Captain's object was that of examining the actual condition of the batteries after the bombardment; and, as such a fact is important, I shall at once proceed to the result. We counted about 100 cannon defending the two sea-faces. Of their hundred embrasures *seventy-six* had been more or less struck, *twenty-four* of which were rendered utterly ineffective for the working of the guns. Proof of the enfilading fire was not less evident, *thirteen* of those cannon having been thus shattered. In several instances the *breach-buttons* of the guns had been shot off. Of sixteen 13-inch mortars *four* were injured.

Many traverses had been laid along the lines, and most of the embrasures and approaches were additionally strengthened

with gabions. Small magazines were every where distributed, and beside every gun were abundance of destructive missiles, particularly of chain and bar shot.

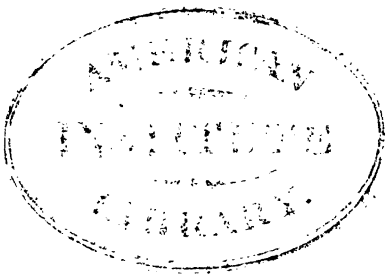
At the angle between the two lines was a large mortar bastion, upon which, besides five 13-inch mortars, were mounted seven long 24-pounders. It appeared that two of the steamers' shells had burst in the midst of that battery, and had had the effect of chasing every man from his gun.

The explosion occurred in a portion of the fortress farthest from the sea, and did not, consequently, in any way injure the portion of the defences against which the fire of the squadron was directed. It threw down a large portion of the wall of the principal inner foss on the opposite or land side.*

* A large number of camels and other animals had been placed behind the most inland portion of the works, but were nearly all killed or maimed by the effect of the explosion.

BREACH IN THE LAND-WALL AT ACRE.

UNIV. OF WICH.



The largest magazine, still intact, contained, according to the before-mentioned authority, Colonel Shultz, 75,000 cases of powder. A calculation from the above will be found to give two millions two hundred and fifty thousand charges for the largest field artillery!—enough ammunition for a ten years' war.

The subjoined sketch was kindly forwarded me by Mr. Keene Hawkins, R.N. (several of whose Syrian drawings have lately been ably brought out by Ackermann).

We quitted the fortress, and proceeded across the plain in a northerly direction. Following the course of the aqueduct towards the mountains, the bloated dead still strewed our path. At the same time we met troops of mountaineers gaily advancing towards Acre, having been employed in driving back the soldiers who

had attempted to escape. At the nearest village the country people were busily employed in burying the slain, a fierce attack having been made upon them during the past night by the Druses. Here an Egyptian soldier, lying under a wall, with his leg sadly shattered, demanded of us, in touching tones, to procure him a drink of water, — "Moy! moy! maët ana!" (Water! water! I die!) It was with great difficulty we persuaded the country people to assist him; and at length only succeeded by force in getting him carried into the hospital of the fortress. On our return to Acre, we found several thousand Egyptian prisoners collected outside the walls.

I shall make a few quotations from the official despatches relating to the action which I have been describing; and first, from that of Admiral Walker, of which I have been favoured with a copy.

Extract from the Private Despatch of Rear-Admiral Walker Bey to Said Pacha, High Admiral of the Ottoman Empire:—

"Ottoman ship-of-war, Mookad-dimay-i-hire,
"Off Acre, Nov. 5th, 1840.

* * * *

"It would be presumption in me to point out to your Highness the gallantry, zeal, and ability, evinced by the distinguished chiefs of the allied forces, Admiral the Honourable Sir Robert Stopford, and Rear-Admiral Baron de Bandeira, on this occasion; their deeds must, therefore, speak for themselves; but I cannot refrain from informing your Highness how much I feel indebted to His Imperial Highness the Archduke Frederick of Austria, for the handsome manner in which he so promptly rendered assistance, when I was under the impression that the troops we had landed

in the town were likely to be overpowered. I had no sooner applied to him for aid than he was on shore at the head of his men, accompanied by Colonel de Cher Sityitoni (who has on all occasions shewn the greatest zeal), marching to the citadel.

"I am greatly indebted to Lieutenant-General Selim Pacha, who was on board this ship during the action, and who set a noble example to those around. His conduct when we gained possession of the town deserves great praise; for it was mainly owing to his judicious arrangements that the public stores and provisions, as well as the military chest, said to contain two millions of piastres, remained untouched.

"I need not point out to your Highness that Commodore Napier, the captains, officers, and ships' companies of the allied squadron, behaved most nobly.

"To Osman Captain, the officers, and

crew of this ship, my best thanks are due; all acquitted themselves bravely, and their cool conduct after the explosion deserves great credit; for, being to seaward, and only six hundred yards from the magazine and arsenal when it blew up, this ship was for several minutes enveloped in utter darkness, and it was with great difficulty we could breathe.

"I beg to recommend to your Highness Mr. Charles I. Walton, Mate of Her Britannic Majesty's ship Gorgon, who has for some time acted as my aide-de-camp, and who, upon the present occasion, behaved gallantly, and rendered important services. May I, therefore, hope that you will cause a request to be made to the British Government for his promotion to the rank of lieutenant?*

* Mr. Walton's promotion was, of course, immediate.

"I enclose for the information of your Highness a list of the killed and wounded, as also a copy of a letter received from the Commander-in-Chief the day after the action, by which your Highness will perceive how much Admiral Sir Robert Stopford was pleased with the part this ship took in the action.

"Allow me to congratulate your Highness on the restoration of so important a fortress to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, and which is a death-blow to the cause of Mehemet Ali in Syria. Three thousand prisoners, one hundred field-pieces, and a large quantity of stores and provisions, have fallen into our hands."

* * * *

Copy of enclosed letter:—

"*Princess Charlotte, off St. Jean d'Acre,*
"*Nov. 5th,* 1840.

"SIR,—Having observed the very eligible position you took up so gallantly in

the attack upon the forts of Acre, I congratulate you on the success of the expedition, and request you will signify to the officers and men under your command my thanks for their exertions.

" I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) " ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral.

" *Rear-Admiral Walker Bey,*
" *Ottoman ship-of-war, Mookad-dimay-i-hire.*"

Admiral Stopford, in his short despatch to the Admiralty of the same date, has the following passage :—

" The destruction caused by the fire of the ships on both sides sufficiently proves its rapidity and precision. Rear-Admiral Baron de Bandeira, in the Austrian frigate Medea, and the Guerrière, under the command of his Imperial highness the Archduke Frederick, with the Austrian corvette Lipsia, rendered much assistance. Rear-

Admiral Walker Bey, in the Sultan's ship Mookad-dimay-i-hire, of seventy-four guns, took up a most favourable position opposed to the south face, and did good service. The steamers Gorgon, Vesuvius, Phœnix, and Stromboli, fired shot and shells into the town with much precision; and it is generally supposed that shells from the Gorgon occasioned the destruction of the powder magazine."

In a subsequent despatch the English Admiral continues:—

"When I see the effects of our fire upon so formidable a fortress, I cannot help feeling the greatest obligations to every officer and man engaged in this enterprise. The cool, steady, and beautiful style in which the ships and vessels, through shoals and banks, came into their positions, and the noble spirit that animated the

whole, in the destructive fire opened and maintained against a very smart return from the forts and batteries, were most gratifying, and drew forth my admiration; being enabled, in the steamer, to observe the simultaneous attacks on both faces."

Colonel Sir Charles Smith, in a despatch to Lord Palmerston, in speaking of the explosion, says:—

"By the explosion two entire regiments, formed in position on the ramparts, were annihilated, and every living creature, within the area of 60,000 square yards, ceased to exist; the loss of life being variously computed from twelve hundred to two thousand persons. Those who may have been inclined to doubt the fighting qualities of the Egyptian troops might acquire a lesson from the example of their endurance, if they could but contemplate the devastation

and scene of horror by which this once formidable fortress is enshrouded."

On the first day of our occupation of the fortress, every effort was made to extinguish, if possible, the smouldering fires which still existed throughout various portions of Acre. Two minor magazines exploded on the first morning, and great fears were entertained that the fires might extend to other larger stores.

And such proved to be the case, for a few days afterwards a most serious explosion occurred, in which some marines and a number of Turkish soldiers were killed, and the gallant Captain Collier had his leg broken.

Although it is in advance of my story, I may quote at once a despatch from Sir C. Smith to Lord Palmerston, noticing that occurrence; and to which was subjoined a return of the stores captured with the fortress.

"*St. Jean d'Acre, November* 9, 1840.

"My Lord, — I have the honour to transmit the return, furnished by the Commanding Officer of Royal Artillery, of ordnance and ammunition found in this fortress.

"The public treasury had been pillaged, so that a sum not exceeding 5300*l.* was only discovered; this amount I have made the acting Pacha of Acre give credit for in his accounts with the Musteshar Effendi.

"The difficulty of restoring order, in every case where an enemy's town has been carried, is too well understood to need particular notice in this place. The propensity, however, of foreigners to plunder, together with Ottoman indolence; the necessity for employing interpreters; and the general want of intelligence exhibited by the undisciplined troops that form the mass of my command, have all had their influence in causing some of my orders to be disregarded. Such was the case with

respect to five casemates, filled with fixed ammunition, near which the crater of the former explosion was smouldering. Notwithstanding my often-repeated instructions, personally given, and the assurance of the staff-officers that the ammunition had been removed to a place of security, an awful calamity occurred on the afternoon of the 6th, by the casemates blowing up at intervals of five or six seconds between the ignition of each. In a moment we were enveloped in darkness, accompanied by fragments of masonry, with musket-balls, shot, and exploding shells of every denomination.

"The loss in killed and wounded has been considerable. The Acting Commandant of Acre is amongst the former. Captain Collier, R.N., who was standing near me, is badly wounded, and I escaped with a severe contusion only, in the foot, owing to the sudden interposition of my horse,

who was killed by what would otherwise have been my share of the missiles.

"The exertions of the Royal Navy and Marines have since been most conspicuous in extinguishing the fire, and in reducing, by precautionary measures, the risk which Turkish evolutions, in the midst of gunpowder, must ever render more or less probable.

"I have, &c.

(Signed) "C. F. SMITH.

"Brigadier-General commanding."

"*Return of Ordnance, Ammunition, Small Arms, Camp Equipage, Provisions, &c. &c. seized in the town of St. Jean d'Acre on the morning of the 4th of November*, 1840:—

ORDNANCE.

Iron Guns	32 pounder..	9
	24 „ ..	66
	18 „ ..	20
	12 „ ..	31
Grenades	10 inch ..	7
	8 „ ..	7

Iron Howitzers ..	24	pounder..	2
Brass Guns	18	„ ..	1
	9	„ ..	23
	6	„ ..	75 mounted in Park.
	3	„ ..	1
Brass Howitzers .	24	„ ..	13
	12	„ ..	18
	5½	inch ..	12
Brass Mortars ..	13	„ ..	7
	10	„ ..	4
	8	„ ..	4
	5½	„ ..	1
Carronade, Iron..	68	pounder..	1
Iron Mortars	18	inch ..	9 in store.
	15	„ ..	1
	13	„ ..	1
Total			313—229 mounted on the walls.

[An inventory of great length was here added, comprising a vast amount of warlike materials, provisions, and stores. I extract a few of the items as an example:—10,900 bushels of wheat; 1896 barrels of powder, each barrel containing 112 lbs.; 6800 unfixed shells (32-pounders), besides

19,000 shells of other calibre; 4940 chain-shot; 21,960 round shot, and 580 boxes of small arms.]

Upon the 5th, the Sultan's steam-yacht with Ford Bey arrived at Acre, bearing despatches for Admiral Walker, which informed him of his elevation to the rank of Capitan Bey (Vice High Admiral). Walker Bey had previously determined to send his line-of-battle ship to Constantinople, in consequence of the wounded condition of her mainmast, and, by a quicker occasion, also to proceed there himself—the bearer of the important news contained in his own despatches. A difficulty arose, however, as to the means of carrying the latter determination into effect, for the Sultan's steamer was without sufficient coal for her return, and no English vessel on the coast (since the departure of the Phœnix for England with intelligence) had above one day's supply on board. The matter was ulti-

mately arranged by Admiral Bandiera offering the use of a small Austrian steamer, sufficiently stored, and then lying before Beyrout. Admiral Walker, therefore, started the same day for that town, in Her Majesty's war-steamer Vesuvius. Captain Laué and myself accompanied him.*

* A dépôt of coals on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean would obviate the necessity of steamers employed there on service going backward and forward to Malta for supplies. The importance of effective steam operations, either in peace or war, is a subject no longer requiring comment. Steam-vessels must one day prove the main ingredient of naval power, especially in those seas; commerce, political influence, early intelligence, and immediately applicative power, all centre upon its more general employment. Should even one or more of the other powers alike see fit to establish in Candia, in Escanderoon, or in Beyrout, such dépôts, it could only have the effect of rendering those secluded seas a better highway between Europe and the Eastern coast; hence benefiting all that side of Asia in civilisation as in commerce. But on their part such a proceeding is not likely to be further brought about, when there are no

immediate or commensurate advantages to be gained. With Britain it is otherwise. Those regions, as they increase in power and civilisation, become to her of enhanced importance; and that such gradations are now in progress there can, I think, be no doubt. Corvettes and sloops-of-war are at present sent occasionally to visit the British authorities in Syria and Asia Minor; whilst, in consequence, their crews are decimated by fevers and fatigues, occasioned by malaria, further increased by baffling and light winds, which usually prevail on that coast. The employment of steamers on such service would obviate this evil, whilst the required duty would be more promptly performed. In other contingencies which might arise, the advantages would be incalculable. An Austrian Commercial Company have held during several years large coal dépôts in Beyrout, Candia, and Escanderoon; but, during late operations even, they jealously prevented foreigners from using their supplies. Why should not an *English* Trading Company be similarly established and encouraged?

END OF VOLUME I.

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